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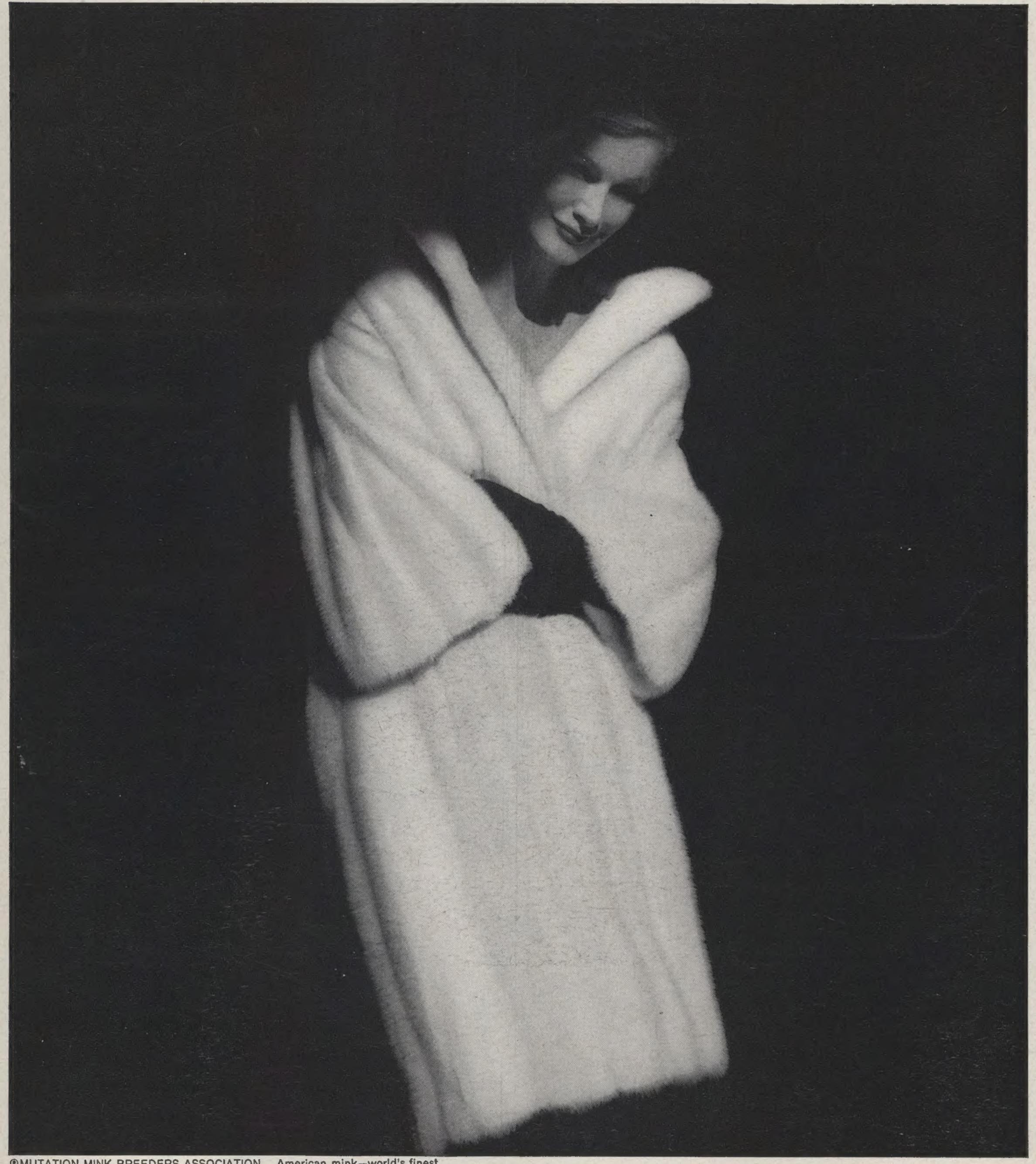
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DESPINA MESSINESI

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Layout:
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NEW ENGLAND OFFICE Statler Building, Boston 16, Mass. Manager: John Brunelle

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Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W.I. Editor: Ailsa Garland Chairman: Harry. W. Yoxall Managing Director: Reginald A. F. Williams

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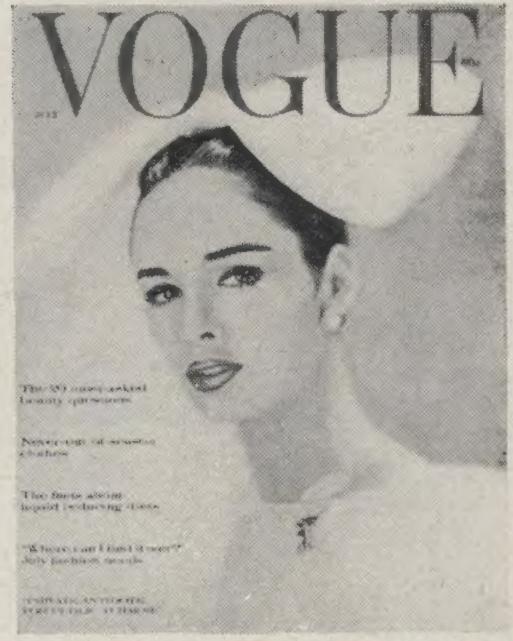
There are three Vogues: American, French, British

1. S. V. - PATCÉVITCH Publisher

JULY 1960

COVER:

Organdie hat-an enlightened hair bow, reallyall wingspread and freshness and monumental charm. Its wearer: possibly the woman who's tumbled to the new gingham fatale, fits the pieces together this way—organdie hat, pink gingham slip of a dress, and over the dress, the butterfly-sleeved organdie overblouse that's partly visible on the cover. This and the dress (which is unseen here), from Jax; each \$30. The hat-bow of Swiss cotton organdie, by Adolfo of Emme. Also at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Jewels, from Verdura. Pink with a proper amount of spirit for a gingham-and-organdie situation: Richard Hudnut's roll-on lip-colour, Pinkinese.



KAREN RADKAI

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.for fashion's newest hairdos!





Fashion naturals: new at-home look

Sweeping but slender: a long, graceful at-home dress—at a more-fashion-for-the-money price. The skirt—mellow, mustard yellow patterned in black—alternates narrow quilted panels, front and back, with long inverted pleats (non-quilted). By Mr. Mort: cotton skirt, sleeveless black top of textured rayon-and-cotton; junior sizes, about \$40. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. Coro earrings.





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Lawndale, California

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These long-playing separates are made of 65% "Dacron" polyester fiber and 35% cotton. (left) Solid-color broadcloth shirt in Frost mint or Larkspur blue, about \$4. Weskit, about \$4. Capri pants, about \$5. (right) Roll-sleeve shirt, about \$4. Skirt, about \$8. All in blue or wine plaid. All in 7-14. Comparable styles in sizes 3-6x, sub-teen 6-14. See facing page for stores carrying these fashions.



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CONVERTIBLE COSTUMES feature fine blends of rayon and cotton by FOLKER. Left, easy black sheath with jacket of Arnel triacetate and cotton in grey, blue or beige with black. 8 to 18 and petite sizes 8p to 16p. About 20.00. Right, jacket dress in black, moss green, navy. 10 to 20 and custom sizes 10c to 20c for the shorter figure. 25.00 For store nearest you, write Nelly Don, Kansas City, Missouri.

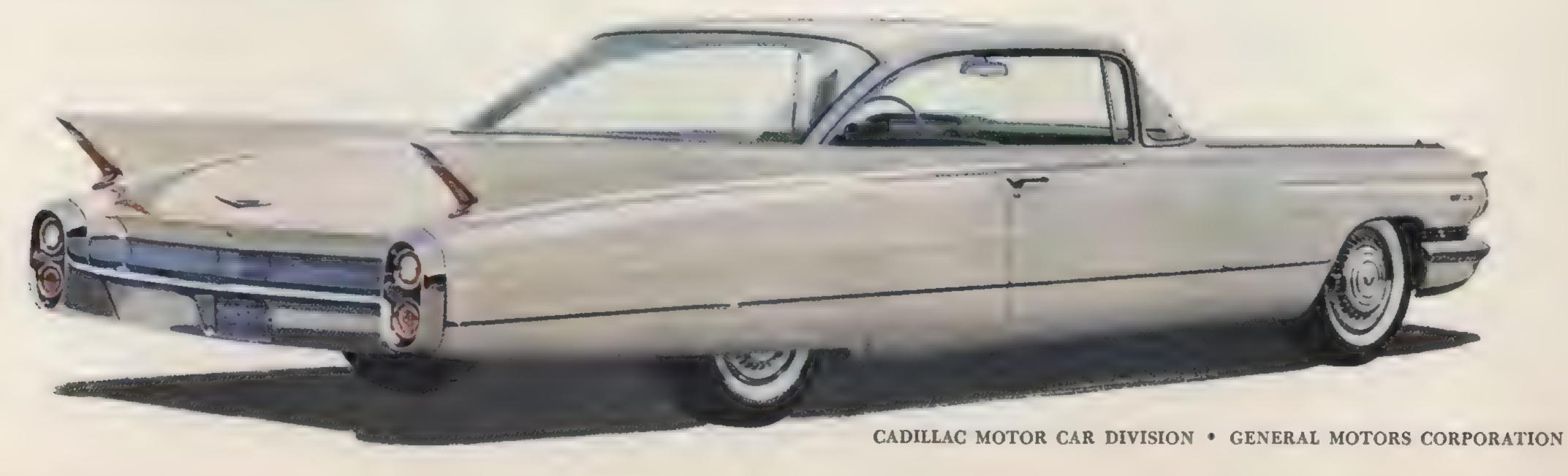


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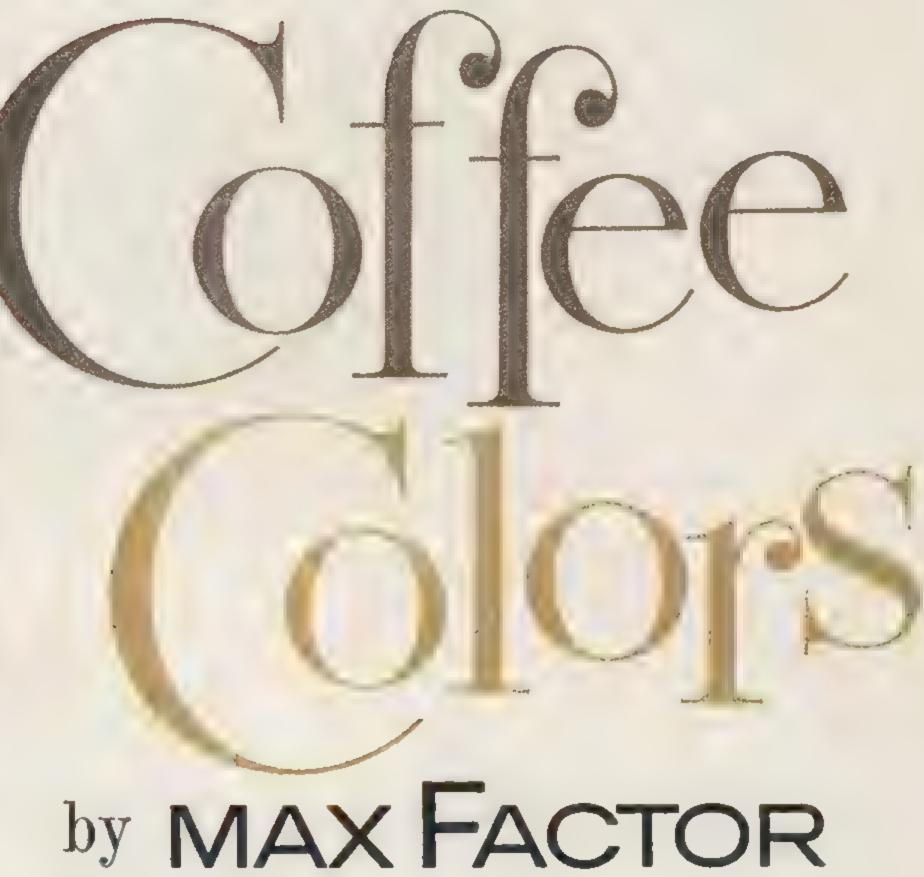
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Inside story

on the calm beauty of Japan Air Lines' new jets

Inside Japan Air Lines' new DC-8 Jet Couriers are the fabrics and furnishings, the taste and simplicity that beautifully anticipate the calm beauty of Japan. The atmosphere of Japan is all around you . . . in the pine-bough pattern of a seat fabric and the symmetry of a shoji screen, in the tatami carpeting of the lounge and the chrysanthemum motif on the drapes. Here is the restfulness of Japan, its serenity, as you fly high above the Pacific. Here is the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

Japan Air Lines' DC-8 Jet Courier service from San Francisco to Tokyo starts August 12. Very soon after that, jets will begin serving all the transPacific routes of Japan Air Lines. Serving them swiftly and luxuriously, and in a manner that's so delightfully Japanese. Flying you to the Orient in little more than half a day. Carrying you amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

JAPAN AIR LINES

DC-8 JET COURIER









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since a lady first powdered her nose!

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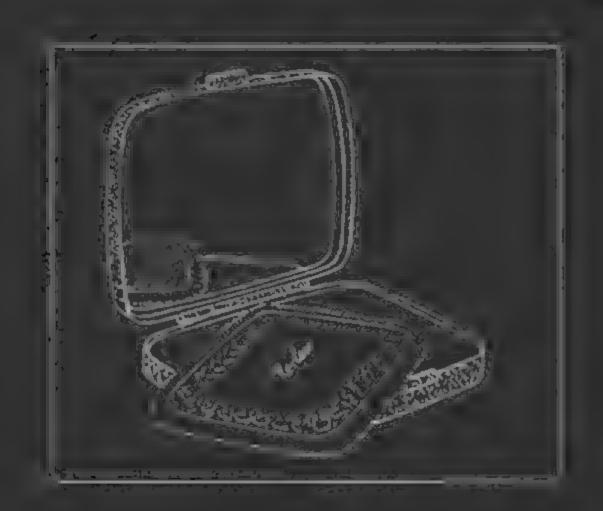
filled with Love-Pat'...the complete make-up
...it's the compact you <u>refill</u> because it's too beautiful to replace

Petite' is more than a compact. 'Petite' is a creation.

A new fashion...a new elegance... designed by Van Cleef & Arpels, the famous Paris jewelers.

It's slim, very slim. It's light, very light. The golden look dazzles with a diamond design. And it comes filled with your favorite of twelve shades of 'Love-Pat'-the complete make-up-powder plus foundation.

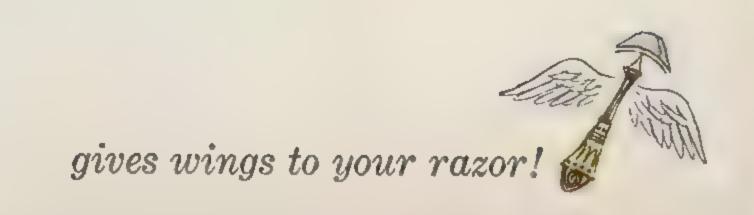
The price?..Surprise...2.00!

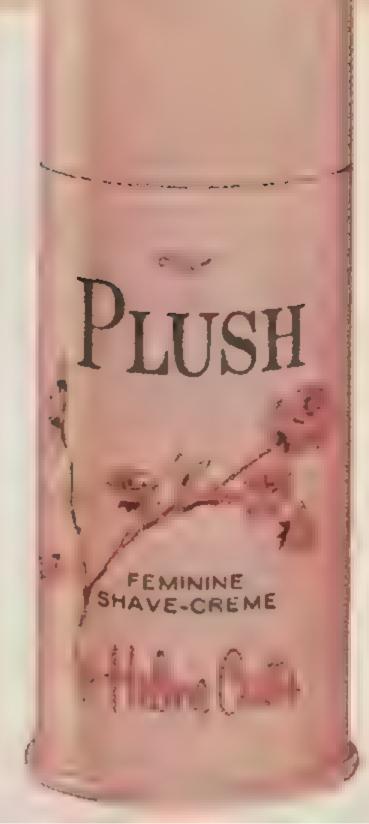


NOW!

give your legs
precious "complexion care"
as you shave!

New, luscious pink **PLUSH** shave-creme is so completely, so exclusively feminine . . . and it's from HELENE CURTIS!







While women have had their pretty faces in mirrors, and their hands in cream jars, legs have been utterly neglected! Skirts have crept knee-high, nylons have gone color-blinding, and who's given a kind thought to a lady's limbs? Helene Curtis, that's who! With brand-new, beautifying PLUSH!



Deliciously smoothing! Every creamy, pink puff of Plush soothes from the instant it touches your skin. Better than sticky soap-lather that flattens fuzz, irritates skin? Smoother than scrape-and-burn "dry" shaving? There's no comparison! Gently, magically, a Plush shave removes every little bristle from legs and underarms in seconds
... and without greasiness or goo.

Delicately antiseptic! Your legs feel so gloriously cool, you'll be glad there's no need to rinse them. They're clean and refreshed. Just smooth in any precious left-over Plush. Your skin drinks it up . . . needs its protection against flaky dryness and chapping all year. You'll feel the softness of a baby's cheek. Nothing else gives legs this complete "complexion care."

Delightfully fragrant! Pink Plush is all-girl...sweet and simple. Even the light, lovely scent lifts your spirits! It's like being knee-deep in flowers! Now your legs have a new femininity they've never known before. Costly ingredients in Plush give the deep-down care legs have needed so desperately, for so long! A new little luxury in your life for only \$1.35, plus tax.





WHERE TO EAT— AT THE TWO POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

Few things in American life seem more spectacularly pervasive than the national political party conventions, this month; almost no one is immune to the fever of guessing, of watching political careers made and broken, of imagining impending crises on the convention floor—all kept hot by those attractive, omniscient, desperate network news analysts, padding out what happens with constant sound. In both Los Angeles (where the Democrats are meeting from

July 11) and Chicago (the Republicans, from July 25), until the decisions have been made, the hotels and restaurants around town will be crowded and pleasantly noisy with gossip ("image" is the great word, now as in '56), both informed and blind.

Although to say that a restaurant is near anything is alien to the entire Los Angeles Idea, which has as one of its tenets the notion that dinner is best begun and ended with a sixty-mile drive,



COTTON GOES EVERYWHERE...with a coat that carries color in its pockets. Red or periwinkle in sizes 3 to 6x, \$22.95 and 7 to 14, \$29.95. The fabric is Heathcote, a washable, Zelan-treated all combed cotton poplin by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At De Pinna, New York; Little Bramson, Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Or write Macwil, 108 West 39th Street, New York City.

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THE CROSS-SEASON CORD—a sophisticated town cotton cardigan, about \$18 and slim-line skirt, about \$12. Coordinated blouses, about \$12. Teal blue in sizes 6 to 16. The transeason fabric is all combed cotton cord-twist by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At B. Altman's, New York; May Co., Los Angeles; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Or write Robert Sloan, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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some of Southern California's best restaurants do fall within a few miles of the Memorial Sports Arena, where the Democrats will be. In the Wilshire District there is Perino's, counted by some as one of the best restaurants in this country. Opened in 1924, Perino's is conservatively grand-manner; the food is partly French, partly Italian, and all delicious, particularly the pheasant chartreuse and the cannelloni, stuffed with meat and baked in a rich sauce.

Boulevard called, because it lies under the jurisdiction of neither Los Angeles nor Beverly Hills, the Strip, Café La Rue does more or less classically French things with shrimp, capon, and pheasant, and has as well a special collection of marvellous Italian dishes; the fettuccine must be ordered a day ahead. La Rue is only for dinner, and everyone makes something of a thing of going there.

Around Beverly Hills there are Chasen's and Romanoff's, both with solid, extroverted reputations and the kind of celebrities whose names appear happily in Variety's "N. Y. to L. A." listing. With panelled, picture-hung walls and redleather banquettes, Chasen's made its name on steaks and chicken but also has delicious fish: prawns, Dover sole, English turbot. Among its desserts is a lovely, frangible coupe Alexander, sprinkled with anisette and coconut.

At Romanoff's, the especially notable things include the delicate crêpes Madras, filled with curried crab; bœuf à la mode, cold sliced tenderloin; spinach salad; and, for dessert, pots de crème or fruit, wheeled in by cart. (Romanoff's is open for luncheon and dinner; Chasen's, only for dinner.)

Although hot as a star, Chicago in July has a number of compensatory distractions: the most beautiful sunstruck skyline

WHERE TO EAT—AT THE TWO POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

(Continued from page 24)

between New York and San Francisco, the immense cool splash of Buckingham Fountain, and all the summer-lazy, air-conditioned places. (Plus the lovely camaraderic common to cities in the heat.)

Among the distracting places to eat, The Epicurean, on South Wabash Street, serves some of the best food in Chicago. At The Epicurean, the flavours are all Hungarian, with subtle goulashes and papery, flaky strudel.

On the Near North Side, at Jacques Restaurant, one eats delicious food in a pebbled courtyard, airy, hung with bird cages, as pretty as the inside of a greenhouse.

Another Near North Side place is the decisively elegant brownstone Imperial House, where candles flicker on eggplant-coloured walls hung with English

prints, and the food is good: crab meat gumbo, beef tenderloin Wellington, with a layer of foie gras and puff paste. In summer, guests may sit in a roofed, ivy-wound garden, cooled by both air conditioning and a fountain. For luncheon or Thursday dinner, the garden at the Chicago Art Institute is pleasant; inside, hang the Institute's great collections. Not far away is the Ambassador East Pump Room, charmingly divided into small areas. Visible from practically anywhere in the room, are the waiters in black silk knee breeches and red coats, bearing aloft, like banners, food flaming on long skewers.

One of the city's most characteristic restaurants—and the closest to the International Amphitheater, where the Republicans will be—is the Sirloin Room of the



ELEGANCE KNOWS NO SEASON...in the town cotton coat that travels from summer to fall, sun to shower and day to night. Complete with scarf, in taupe or red, sizes 8 to 16, \$29.95. The fabric is Tapestry, a lavish all combed cotton by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At B. Altman, New York and branches; Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Or write Main Street, 500 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

REEVES, fabrics



UNDATED CHECKS cash in on summer and fall. A versatile sleeveless jumper is smartly armed with a wool jersey blouse. Sizes 5 to 15, about \$45. The transeason all combed cotton is Dublin by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. Designed by Betty Carol. At fine stores everywhere or write Mam'Selle, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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Stock Yard Inn. The point, of course, is beef; even the chairs are covered in brown-and-white Hereford fur. (An Angus breeder once asked for a change to black.) The Whitehall Hotel dining room is good for luncheon; the Naka-no-ya, for Japanese food. One eats, there, in tiny teahouses, as delicate as matchstick rooms.

For drinks and a pleasant sense of being close to the action, there is a clutch of places along North State Street. Among them, Le Bistro is jumpy and hazy by midnight with music, smoke, and people (none of them dancing, incidentally); the dim, dim Kismet Klub has tea dancing in the afternoon, belly dancers in the evening. At Le Coq de la Rue, one sits by the sidewalk beneath a gala redand-yellow striped awning.

On North Wells Street, the Second City—a coffee and drinks place with walls of discarded tele-

phone booths—has a bright young evening show; the cast, which once included Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols, and Elaine May, bases some of the fun on what's in the newspapers. From the Top of the Rock, on the Prudential Building, there is one of the best city-sweep views going, like those from the Rainbow Room in New York, the Top of the Mark in San Francisco.

Some of Chicago's night life is centred in key clubs, small restaurants which sell keys to their front doors. One of the best, the Barclay Club, is on the narrow, alley-like Huguelet Place. Although the Barclay is so dark that nobody really knows what it looks like, the food is good, particularly the shrimps and steaks. In the attractive billiard-green dining room of the Key Club on Ontario Street, Sunday-night supper is served from buffet tables while violinists stroll around.



The Wedding Handkerchief!



All hand-embroidered on sheer Irish linen. The year of the wedding in pale blue appears between the names of the bride and groom worked in white. Edged in fine French lace an inch wide, this handker-chief becomes tomorrow's heirloom. Ap-propriate for weddings and anniversaries.

Handsomely boxed; tied with white ribbons and orange blossoms.

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Villari Handkerchief Co. 29 West 38 St., Dept. V7 N. Y. 18, N. Y.



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SEND FOR FREE STYLE SOOK—25 NEWSTYLES TO CHOOSE FROM! \$295*

Tax Free

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I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. M-7, N. Y.



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Platinum or mixed grey—\$3.25 extra. Eyelashes \$2.98 per

Send generous sample, check or M.O., no COD's. COMPLETE LINE OF WIGS & HAIR GOODS.





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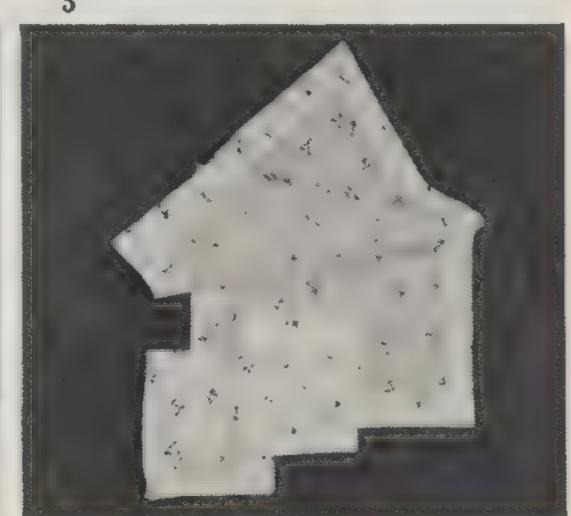


SHOP HOUND

... immersed in July

1. The beach parka—Arctic fashion in a non-Arctic locale—here, of yellow terry cloth, to wear over a bathing suit, preferably with long, tanned legs. Also in royal blue or white; one size fits all. \$7.30 ppd. The Tog Shop, Lester Square, Americus, Ga. 2. Handy way to apply sun tan lotion: smooth it on with Glo-Tan pads. They're soaked in a solution that guards against burning and acts as a skin softener—it's rich in oil of almonds, lanolin, and lubricating agents. Choose Bronze or Golden, depending on how deeply you want to tan. Jar (25 pads), \$2.50 plus tax. Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Avenue, New York 22. 3. A summery setting for a breakfast tray: place mat and two napkins, of Irish linen sprigged with blue and pink poppies. Also in other designs—violets, roses, pansies. \$6.95 the set. Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue, New York 22.









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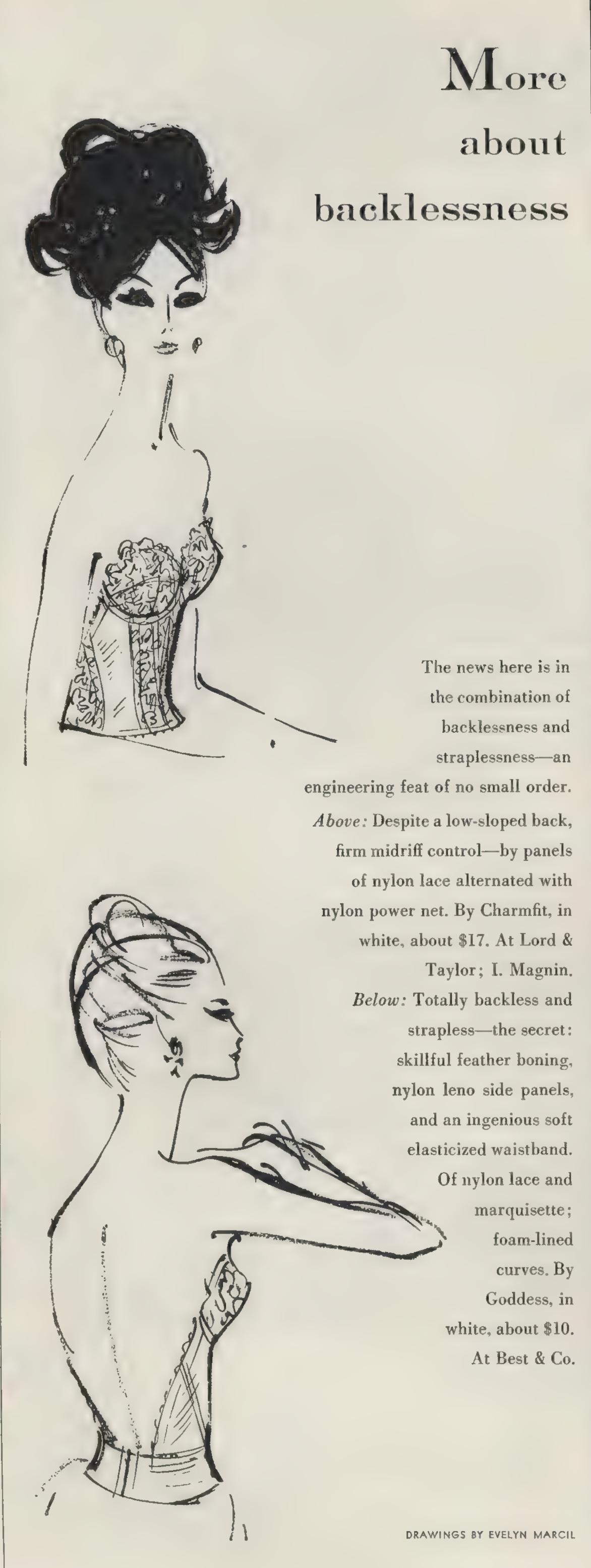
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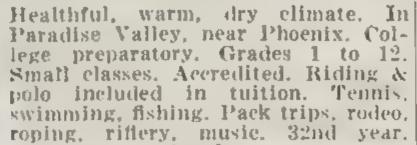
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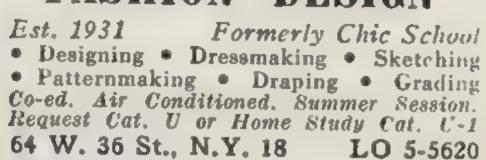
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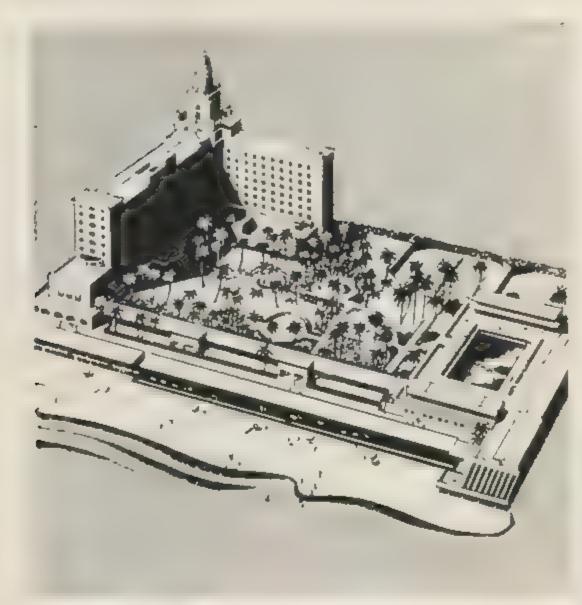
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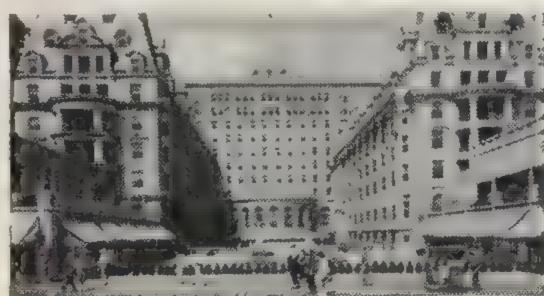
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taupe
shirt look

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JULY, 1960



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Vogue's eye view of the noble curiosity

> Beige evening dress of spiralling silk chiffon, by Travilla; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jenny's.

Photographed here, America's great Palomar Observatory which, with its vast telescopic cameras, the Hale and the Schmidt, sees the sky up to a thousand light years away, the greatest reach now possible to man. With new, very fast colour film, scientists at Palomar are filming the nebulae and galaxies in their true natural colours, colours the human eye has never seen before. In an age when it is suddenly clear that the earth is slightly pear-shaped instead of round, that man-made satellites will soon, in all probability, take over such earthly matters as relaying telegrams, phone calls, and Tv, when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has already let contracts for instruments to be landed on the moon, it is useful to remember that such projects as Palomar were undertaken purely because of man's curiosity; that, in the words of Dr. T. Keith Glennan, head of NASA, "the best piece of scientific apparatus in the world is man." Here and on the next six pages, Vogue has photographed some of the contemporary instruments of human curiosity that define our era.

An ear for the stars

Like a transplanted Eiffel Tower, the Jodrell Bank installation for exploring the universe rises above the cows and trees of the Cheshire plain outside Manchester, England, a colossal erector set scattered in the fields like a science fiction supplement to the Farmer's Almanac. From the far turn on the road approaching it, hills hide this experimental station with its giant steerable telescope (right), the most acute ear yet devised to hear the events of outer space. In tidy impersonal control rooms, men turn and dip the 'scope's great bowl, mapping the sounds of stars and planets. Very recently these men sent into space the first command received and executed by a man-made satellite: America's Pioneer V, more than 8,000,000 miles from earth, was ordered by Jodrell's radio telescope to turn on its extra-big transmitter; eighty-six seconds later the signal strength of Pioneer V increased twenty times, proving that it got the message. Such triumphant communication over interplanetary distances sets the atmosphere of dedicated isolation in this vast Brancusi amphitheatre of space. On the ground all is silence save for the warning squawk of tracking hours when the telescope turns noisily on its gastank mounting, to find its contacts aloft. Seen from the air at twilight through violet fog, all of Jodrell disappears except the shining circle of lake that is the telescope, the great unblinking eye of our planet staring at night.

Photographed and reported specially for Vogue by William Klein

Right: White linen "new world" jacket, worn with a navy-blue linen skirt, from the Givenchy Boutique.





The great galaxy in Andromeda.

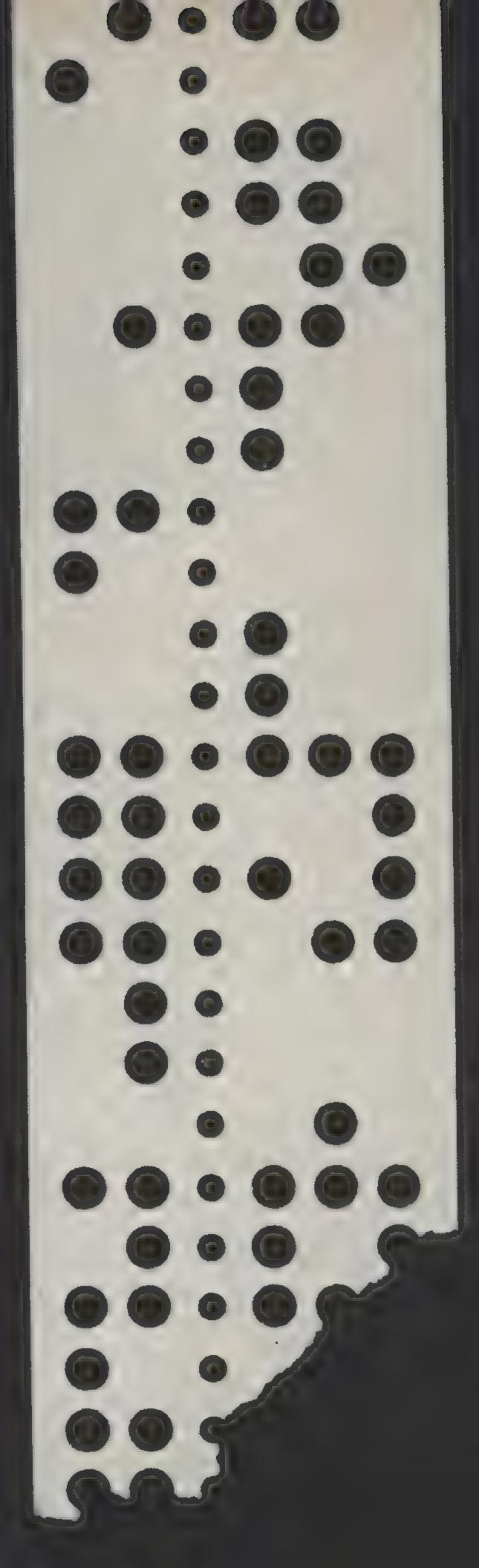
shown in the background here,
was recorded by photographic telescope;
is made up of billions of stars, all at least
a thousand times brighter than our sun

Space-violet short evening dress, by Maurice Rentner, the nam Grbs jersey of Arnel and nylon, about \$215, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Hutzler's, frost Bros. Jewellery brilliant congeries of emeralds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, all at Van Cleef & Arnels.









icker tape from space

At Jodrell Bank this radio telescope—probably the world's biggest going scientific instrument—has been making a daily check on America's orbiting satellite, Pioneer V. The snip of ticker tape above is a record of messages this giant astronomical ear received from Pioneer every day between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m., 4:30 and 5:00 p.m. Three-minute teletype service transmits data from England to Los Angeles where American scientists at the Space Technology Laboratories keep the major log on Pioneer V's work in space.

Left: Ricci's "Chicago" coat of black totte cirée (oilskin in Chicagoese). One of the sensations of the last collection. it is worn here with a black straw hat the gold hoop earrings Ricci loves.

"THE HOTTEST PIECE

Editor's Note: Arthur C. Clarke, one of the most notably scientific of the science fiction writers, is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and has been twice Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society. An Englishman of forty-two, who has written some twenty-four books, he lives in Ceylon, looks as though he had a deep secret, perhaps had seen a Martian and was now faintly quizzical about it. When he was in the R.A.F., he took charge of the first Ground Controlled Approach during its experimental trials; later he worked as an assistant editor of Science Abstracts before he gave all his time, beginning in 1952, to writing. He writes either predictive, factual, scientific articles and books on space flight, or imaginative scientific novels and short stories laid out of this world. In the autumn, Harper's will publish a revision of his 1950 Interplanetary Flight, a book minus fiction.

hen Colin Sherrard opened his eyes after the crash, he could not imagine where he was. He seemed to be lying, trapped in some kind of vehicle, on the summit of a rounded hill which sloped steeply away in all directions.

tions. Its surface was seared and blackened, as if a great fire had swept over it. Above him was a jet-black sky crowded with stars; one of them hung like a tiny, brilliant sun, low down on the horizon.

Could it be the sun? Was he so far from Earth? No—that was impossible. Some nagging memory told him that the sun was very close—hideously close—not so distant that it had shrunk to a star. And with that thought, full consciousness returned. Sherrard knew exactly where he was, and the knowledge was so terrible that he almost fainted again.

He was nearer to the sun than any man had ever been. His damaged space-pod—a miniature spaceship, only ten feet long—was lying on no hill, but the steeply-curving surface of a world only two miles in diameter. That brilliant star sinking swiftly in the west was the light of "Prometheus," the ship that had brought him here across so many millions of miles of space. She was hanging up there among the stars, wondering why his pod had not returned like a homing pigeon to its roost. In a few minutes she would have passed from sight, dropping below the horizon in her perpetual game of hide-and-seek with the sun.

That was a game that he had lost. He was still on the night side of the asteroid, in the cool safety of its shadow, but the short night would be ending soon. The four-hour day of Icarus was spinning him swiftly towards that dreadful dawn, when a sun thirty times larger than ever shone upon Earth would blast these rocks with fire. Sherrard knew all too well why everything around him was burned and blackened. Icarus was still a week from perihelion but the temperature

at noon had already reached a thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

Though this was no time for humour, he suddenly remembered Captain McClellan's description of Icarus: "The hottest piece of real estate in the solar system." The truth of that jest had been proved, only a few days before, by one of those simple and unscientific experiments that are so much more impressive than any number of graphs and instrument readings.

Just before daybreak, someone had propped a piece of wood on the summit of one of the tiny hills. Sherrard had been watching, from the safety of the night-side, when the first rays of the rising sun had touched the hilltop. When his eyes had adjusted to the sudden detonation of light, he saw that the wood was already beginning to blacken and char. Had there been an atmosphere here, the stick would have burst into flames; such was dawn upon Icarus.

Yet it had not been impossibly hot at the time of their first landing when they were passing the orbit of Venus five weeks ago. "Prometheus" had overtaken the asteroid as it was beginning its plunge towards the sun, had matched speed with the little world and had touched down upon its surface as lightly as a snowflake. (A snowflake on Icarus—that was quite a thought.) Then the scientists had fanned out across the fifteen square miles of jagged nickel-iron that covered most of the asteroid's surface, setting up their instruments and check points, collecting samples and making endless observations.

Everything had been carefully planned, years in advance, as part of the International Astrophysical Decade. Here was a unique opportunity for a research ship to get within a mere seventeen million miles of the sun, protected from its fury by a two-mile-thick shield of rock and iron. In the shadow of Icarus, the ship could ride safely round the central fire which warmed all the planets, and upon which the existence of all life depended. As the Prometheus of legend had brought the gift of fire to mankind, so the ship that bore his name would return to Earth with other unimagined secrets from the heavens.

There had been plenty of time to set up the instruments and make the surveys before "Prometheus" had to take off and seek the permanent shade of night. Even then, it was still possible for men in the tiny self-propelled space-pods to work on the night-side for an hour or so, as long as they were not overtaken by the advancing line of sunrise. That had seemed a simple enough condition to meet, on a world where dawn marched forward at only a mile an hour; but Sherrard had failed to meet it, and the penalty was death.

He was still not quite sure what had happened. He had been replacing a seismograph transmitter at Station 145, unofficially known as Mount Everest because it was a full ninety feet above the surrounding territory. The job had

OF REAL ESTATE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM"

A story by

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

been a perfectly straightforward one, even though he had to do it by remote control through the mechanical arms of his pod. Sherrard was an expert at manipulating these; he could tie knots with his metal fingers almost as quickly as with his flesh-and-bone ones. The task had taken little more than twenty minutes, and then the radio-seismograph was on the air again, monitoring the tiny quakes and shudders that racked Icarus in ever-increasing numbers as the asteroid approached the sun. It was small satisfaction to know that he had now made a king-sized addition to the record.

When he had checked the signals, he had carefully replaced the sun-screens around the instrument. It was hard to believe that two flimsy sheets of polished metal foil, no thicker than paper, could turn aside a flood of radiation that would melt lead or tin within seconds. But the first screen reflected more than ninety per cent of the sunlight falling upon its mirror-surface and the second turned back most of the rest, so that only a harmless fraction of the heat passed through.

He had reported completion of the job, received an acknowledgment from the ship, and prepared to head for home. The brilliant floodlights hanging from "Prometheus"—without which the night-side of the asteroid would have been in utter darkness—had been an unmistakable target in the sky. The ship was only two miles up, and in this feeble gravity he could have jumped that distance, had he been wearing a planetary-type spacesuit with flexible legs. As it was, the low-powered micro-rockets of his pod would get him there in a leisurely five minutes.

He had aimed the pod with its gyros, set the rear jets at Strength Two, and pressed the firing button. There had been a violent explosion somewhere in the vicinity of his feet and he had soared away from Icarus—but not towards the ship. Something was horribly wrong; he was tossed to one side of the vehicle, unable to reach the controls. Only one of the jets was firing, and he was pinwheeling across the sky, spinning faster and faster under the off-balanced drive. He tried to find the cutoff, but the spin had completely disorientated him. When he was able to locate the controls, his first reaction made matters worse—he pushed the throttle over to full, like a nervous driver stepping on the accelerator instead of the brake. It took only a second to correct the mistake and kill the jet, but by then he was spinning so rapidly that the stars were wheeling round in circles.

Everything had happened so quickly that there was no time for fear, no time even to call the ship and report what was happening. He took his hands away from the controls; to touch them now would only make matters worse. It would take two or three minutes of cautious jockeying to unravel his spin, and from the flickering glimpses of the approaching rocks it was obvious that he did not have as many seconds. Sherrard remembered a piece of advice at the front of the *Spaceman's Manual:* "When you don't know what to do, *do nothing.*" He was still doing it when Icarus fell upon him, and the stars went out.

It had been a miracle that the pod was unbroken, and that he was not breathing space. (Thirty minutes from now he might be glad to do so, when the capsule's heat insulation began to fail.) There had been some damage, of course. The rear-view mirrors, just outside the dome of transparent plastic that enclosed his head, were both snapped off so that he could no longer see what lay behind him without twisting his neck. This was a trivial mishap; far more serious was the fact that his radio antennae had been torn away by the impact. He could not call the ship, and the ship could not call him. All that came over the radio was a faint crackling, probably produced inside the set itself. He was absolutely alone, cut off from the rest of the human race.

It was a desperate situation, but there was one faint ray of hope. He was not, after all, completely helpless. Even if he could not use the pod's rockets—he guessed that the starboard motor had blown back and ruptured a fuel line, something the designers said was impossible—he was still able to move. He had his arms.

But which way should he crawl? He had lost all sense of location, for though he had taken off from Mount Everest he might now be thousands of feet away from it. There were no recognizable landmarks in his tiny world; the rapidly sinking star of "Prometheus" was his best guide, and if he could keep the ship in view he would be safe. It would be only a matter of minutes before his absence was noted, if indeed it had not been discovered already. Yet without radio, it might take his colleagues a long time to find him; small though Icarus was, its fifteen square miles of fantastically rugged no man's land could provide an effective hiding-place for a ten-foot cylinder. It might take an hour to locate him—which meant that he would have to keep ahead of the murderous sunrise.

He slipped his fingers into the controls that worked his mechanical limbs. Outside the pod, in the hostile vacuum that surrounded him, his substitute arms came to life. They reached down, thrust against the iron surface of the asteroid, and levered the pod from the ground. Sherrard flexed them and the capsule jerked forward, like some weird, two-legged insect... first the right arm, then the left, then the right.

It was less difficult than he had (Continued on page 126)

VOGUE, JULY, 1960

They're important in space

Eleven women who work on space machines, satellites, rockets, missiles, on their basic mathematical theory.

HELEN MANN right, a small, pretty, twenty-nine-year-old taffy-blond physicist from Boston, tracks the missile shots at Cape Canaveral. By mathematical analysis of data from computers, she predicts, among her other duties for the Air Force missile tests, where a missile would land were the engine cut off at a given moment. She is not only the sole woman in Canaveral's Impact Predictor Building during a launching, but she is the only woman in a group of engineers designing a more efficient computation system for the Atlantic missile range. A widow, she lives on Patrick Air Force Base with her four-year-old son, who learned to count backwards—"5-4-3-2-1-darn it!"



ANN ECKELS BAILIE, above, a lovely, twenty-five-year-old mathematician from New Hampshire, made the astonishing discovery, partly through her scientific imagination, that the earth is pear-shaped—a fat, right-side-up pear with the stem pointing northward. In 1958, after tracking Vanguard I, she suggested to her colleagues that variations in that satellite's behaviour might not be due to a man-made mistake, but to the pull of the earth, different in the northern hemisphere than in the southern. Now, with her new asymmetrical model of the earth at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, she studies orbiting satellites. Blue-eyed, coppery-haired, effervescent, she was elected Winter Carnival Queen when she was at Middlebury College. "Just for my exuberance," she explained.





literature, psychology (Freud), and music while working towards her Ph.D. in mathematics and physics, later taught at several universities, both European and American (in four different languages); "teaching is my great love." A loving grandmother with ash-blond-greyish hair and eyes the colour of hazelnuts, she is right now finishing some works in mechanics and probability theory of her eminent late husband, Richard von Mises. As a scientist and as a woman, she has had a life rich in great experiences and full of rewards.



BEATRICE FINKELSTEIN, right, possibly the only woman in the world to worry about packing a box lunch for a flight to the moon, is a sweet and peppery pioneer in space nutrition. Among her charges are the seven astronauts. Tests in "Bea's Diner," a pink sparkle of a laboratory at Wright Air Development Center in Dayton, Ohio, suggest that, in space, food may be man's single, vital link to reality. For that link, Miss Finkelstein has packaged in squeeze tubes spaghetti and meat balls, mashed potatoes, and apple pie. Now she is looking into man's ability to chew and digest in weightlessness. She tries for delicious results; one astronaut's wife said that she keeps hearing about "the way that Bea fixes it."

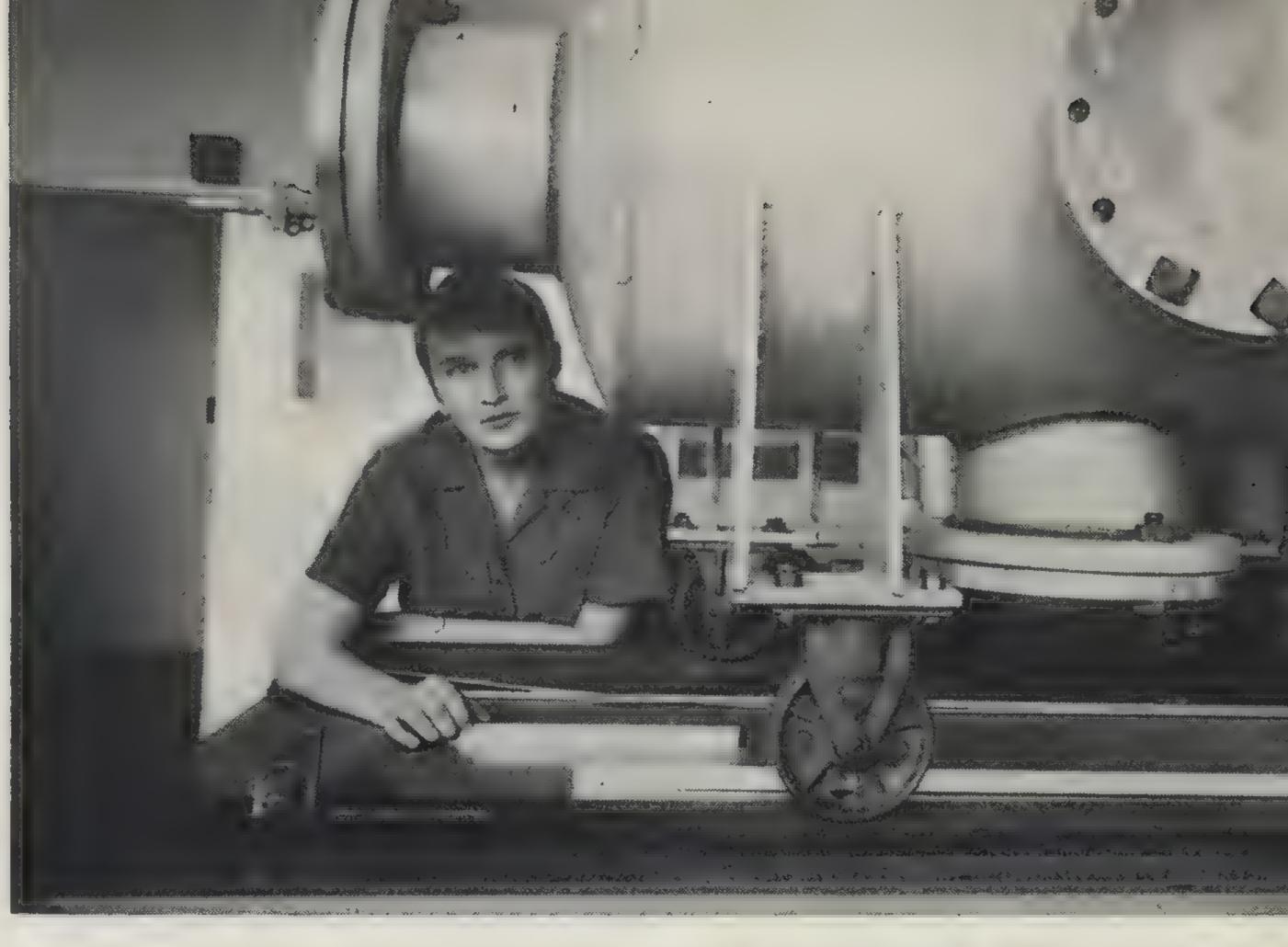
FRANKI LAUREL VAN DER WAL, left, a warm, articulate woman with notable good looks, blue-green eyes, conceived Project MIA (Mouse in Able), which cradled the mouse Benji in a missile nose cone where he had his heart rate measured and telemetered back to earth. A bioastronautics engineer with the Space Technology Laboratories at Los Angeles, she grew up in San Francisco, studied art, and later, by modelling, and by running a railroad switch tower, financed her engineering degree from the University of California. Now, she is working on a nose cone cargo that may, on recovery, perhaps reveal how gasses and liquids behave in weightless space, called Zero G.



1 mportant in space

continued

MARY ROMIG, right, a breezy, thirty-two-year-old mathematician with short cropped hair and a wide white smile, has, for her beat, heat. Researching heat transfer, the Achilles heel of space, since she was twenty-three, she is concentrating now on the problem of heat transfer from heated graphite cones to air, and on a low density wind tunnel that will provide air, hot enough to simulate flight speeds of Mach 10. Absorbed in her work at Convair Scientific Research Laboratory in San Diego, and her hydrodynamics studies at Scripps School of Oceanography, she keeps pretty much to her desk. Over it a motto reads: "I'm working, please try not to disturb my dreams."





ELEANOR PRESSLY, left, a crisp, gingerblond ex-mathematics teacher from Due West, South Carolina, rides herd on those quick upand-down rockets which "sound" the atmosphere to gather data from space. With the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, she serves as liaison between contractor and scientist, coordinating the "vertical shoots" at Wallops Island, Virginia, and Fort Churchill, Canada. For most experimental firings, she uses rockets which do their "soundings" about one hundred and fifty miles out from earth, soon may probe into space as far as 2,000 miles. A soprano with the recording choir of the Reformation Lutheran Church, this calm administrator lives in Washington, D.C. To someone who asked her, after a tense launching at Wallops Island, "When are you getting out of this business?" she answered, "Never, it's too late."

DR. IRMGARD FLÜGGE-LOTZ, right, a gentle aerodynamicist with a wallop of a mind, made in 1931 a major contribution to modern aircraft design with her theories on load distribution on wings. Now her specialty is "contactor control," an electric control system that corresponds for space vehicles to the thermostat for the furnace. A professor at Stanford University with research grants from NASA and the Air Force, she is an international figure in the relatively new field of non-linear flight controls —this is important for piloting future space vehicles on their curved paths. Her husband, Dr. Wilhelm Flügge, a structural engineer, directs his research from an adjoining office in Stanford's Guggenheim Laboratory. At their house in Los Altos, they garden, work in separate rooms, and listen together to Beethoven, Mozart, Bach—sometimes Stravinsky—"we're still on the border about him."







NAN GLENNON, below, a husky-voiced, attractive blonde who was the first woman graduate in Engineering at the University of Southern California, is a member of the management group at Space Technology Laboratories in Los Angeles. ("When I work with men, I'm relaxed and one of the team.") She coordinated Able-Star, the first rocket to stop, then re-start in space, from design through launching. Distinctly feminine, with a partiality towards pearly nail polish and white gloves, Miss Glennon's many projects include "beginning sewing." For her, that means ripping up a man's shirt, re-engineering the pattern.



ELLIOTT ERWITT



EDITH OLSON, above, a shy, wry, thirty-two-year-old chemist, shrinks the electronic parts of rockets down to dime-thin, postage-stamp size. A civilian with the Army's Diamond Ordnance Fuze Laboratory, at Washington, D.C., she specializes in miniaturization of rocket "intelligence"—printing entire electronic circuits on ceramic wafers, thereby allowing more space and weight for payload. "It's like printing the Library of Congress on a grain of rice," she said. For her part in revolutionary developments in this field—estimated to save as much as 200 million dollars a year—she was the first woman to receive the Department of Defense's highest civilian cash award, which pleased her husband, an Air Force intelligence analyst. She works towards the time when electronic equipment will be "too big, if you can see it."

DR. NANCY ROMAN, below, a bouncy, friendly, internationally famous astronomer directs America's spectacular Observational Astronomy programme, conducted beyond the atmosphere by rockets and satellites. Under her supervision at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, orbiting platforms mounted with telescopes and other instruments will be tossed some five hundred miles above the earth to map the skies and televise back astronomical images. Through them, man may be able to observe the centre of the earth's galaxy, perhaps glimpse the very edges of the universe. Dr. Roman fell for the stars as a child, pursued this driving interest at Swarthmore College and at Yerkes Observatory in Chicago. An energetic scholar, she travels frequently from coast to coast, on a job which seems to her "often more like science fiction than science."



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The rising conviction in this country that in world affairs, it is more important to be respected than to be liked. . . . The possibility of Red China joining, unasked, the Nuclear Club which so far has only four members, the United States, Great Britain, France, and the U.S.S.R. . . . The undercover refiguring in both parties coming to the surface now before the Conventions. . . . The book, Felix Frankfurter Reminisces, in which Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter whose great personal hero was the Republican Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, and who in his young days worked successively, and rather closely, with Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Hoover, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, talks informally about people and historic events in his life, provocatively, wittily, and often profoundly. (At a meeting of the Harvard Board of Overseers, Professor Zechariah Chafee said what Justice Frankfurter called "one of the most impressive sentences I ever heard in my life. He said, 'I come of a family that has been in America from the beginning of time. My people have been business people for generations. My people have been people of substance. They have made money. My family is a family that has money. I believe in property and I believe in making money, but I want my crowd to fight fair.'")

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . More woolly brown monkeys from Brazil, lovers of oatmeal, loathers of peanuts, as New York pets. . . . The absurdities of *The Subterraneans*, a bad, funny movie, with a slightly veiled take-off on Truman Capote, played by Arte Johnson with smirks and a bowl, blond haircut. . . The passion of the touring troupe of Japanese actors of the Grand Kabuki, wearing marvellously striking costumes, playing, in the twelfth-century way, ancient dramas: long, involved, and superbly interesting until the panic sets in that the plays will last forever. . . . The eighty-four powerful masks and objects from the outstanding private collection of the great sculptor, Jacques Lipchitz, in the exhibition at New York's Museum of Primitive Art. . . . The song "Skin-diving baby will you dance with me?" fighting it out on the radio with Billy Bland's growling plea, "Let the Little Girl Dance."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... The direct beauty of the spectacle, the Tournament and Tattoo, in which, at New York's Madison Square Garden now, several hundred British soldiers do their special military drill, intricate, precise, and sharpened for maximum kinetic appeal, to the most stirring mass music, particularly drums, flutes, and maddened bagpipes. . . . The massive exhibition of Picasso's work at London's Tate Gallery—a heroic enterprise organized by Roland Penrose. . . . Bobby Darin souping up the old song, "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home," with a new staccato beat. . . . The talk by the Columbia University vice provost, Ralph S. Halford, in which he said that one-third of the University's cost of instruction and research, including expenses for administration of these activities, was supplied by Federal government funds, but that if the trend of the past ten years continues, the proportion of Federal funds could rise to two-thirds during the next decade. . . . For Your Eyes Only, five loverly stories of a British Secret Agent by that master of literary espionage, Ian Fleming.

MRS. NELSON ROCKEFELLER, a brisk, lapis-eyed woman of polite but unwavering decision, has a refreshing approach to public life that seems rooted in playing herself absolutely straight. Although she admits that she no longer has as much time to work in her greenhouses (which hold her far-from-amateur collection of wild and tropical plants), that she has to have more clothes than she used to have, that her favourite big hats proved surprisingly controversial, and that she has an enormous amount of mail to answer, she said not long ago, "The rewards of public life are way beyond any of the things you give up. . . . When you stand in a receiving line, you shake hands with one nice, friendly person after another." Like almost all near-sighted women, she lives in a slight, steady wind of curiosity that leads her into turning interviews inside out with such questions as "What kind of camera is that?" or "Have you been to the Museum of Primitive Art?" (The Museum, as it happens, was founded by Governor Rockefeller whose private collection of primitive art formed the nucleus of the Museum's collection.) When all this begins to seem too guileless, a small crash of asperity makes it ring true. To a Vogue editor who remarked about a jewelled Republican elephant Mrs. Rockefeller wore on her lapel, she said bluntly, "Everyone thinks it's real. Actually it's from the five and ten, and it was given to me in the street by someone who wished us well." When she was asked what she thought of a statement in the William Manchester book, A Rockefeller Family Portrait, that "Rockefeller women are bred to be wives," she said instantly, "Now will you tell me what that means?"



CECIL BEATON

MRS. NELSON ROCKEFELLER



DAME EDITH SITWELL THE EARL RUSSELL DRAWN BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI

A phenomenon for more than fifty years, she is fantastic, definite, an eccentric but powerful influence on English poetry. Her own war poems, some of them pure brilliance, seem best read aloud in her vault-echoing voice. During a V-1 raid in London, John Lehmann wrote in I Am My Brother, at a public reading of poetry she "held the audience in the grip of her discipline . . . poetry was more important than all the terrors that Hitler could launch against us." Since her girlhood—ridiculous, patrician, and humiliating—she has loved the poetry of Swinburne, is completing an anthology of his work to follow her biography of Elizabeth I.

The multi-minded eighty-eight-year-old philosopher, mathematician, educator, and wit, who described himself as a "happy pessimist," cherishes a giant political conscience. Unhampered by controversy or age, he has now one important bee in his Nobel Prize bonnet: "The important thing in the present world . . . is not to have a great war. And that outweighs all the other considerations." . . . He said that recently on "Small World," during a television discussion with Dr. Edward Teller. The grandson of a British Prime Minister. Bertrand Russell is the author of some fifty books, at eleven found Euclid "as dazzling as first love."

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ERIVATE BALM FOR PUBLIC TURMOIL

uddenly a car backfires, the telephone rings, a riveting machine starts yammering next door—and all at once something in you leaps uncontrollably, shatters, and comes shivering down in a thousand pieces. And then you open the newspaper—to Headlines. Unformulated guilt, like the Old Man of the Sea, straddles the back of your neck. Responsibility for everything amiss in a turbulent world seems to belong, partly at least, to you. Unhappily for you, you belong to the generation that has studied too well Donne's admonition, "Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

By yielding to these fears and frustrations, we do ourselves violence. Something precious and vulnerable in us sags and stoops. We know that strife and turmoil, poverty and injustice have always existed. But we are not resigned. And knowing about them day by day on a world-wide scale is one of the "modern conveniences" of the brave new world. If we can not change the shocking headlines, if we can not quiet the city, what can we do? Theoreticians and saints throughout the ages have said that the answer to outer turmoil is inner stillness. Reaching that is a real achievement, not to be taken for granted, but to be worked for, all of a lifetime. More practically, there is the hope of reaching way-stations of temporary inner calm that allow you to see this turmoil, live in the same world with it, but not be consumed by it. It is the difference between looking at an electric mixer, and being in one being whirled about, broken down, scattered, so that no central core of calmness, of collectedness is left. "Pull yourself together" and "Collect yourself," are stalwart admonitions, and very clear in their meaning. The emphasis is on "yourself"—the chances being remote that anyone else can do it for you successfully, at whatever expenditure of time, money, skill, or even genuine sympathy.

Trying to mend the woes of your own world is one thing, but taking private responsibility for cosmic disorder is something quite other, and is actually somewhat pretentious. Most women face up to the big, real emergencies in their own lives competently, even gallantly. But this outer disturbance, hovering daily, calls for another kind of strength.

The question is, then, how to begin the search for inner calm? First, you must decide whether you deeply want it or not. Some women actually, perhaps unconsciously, cherish their tensions (they seem to have the idea mixed up with animation, activity, or performance). A few women seem to be afraid that absence of tension would make them flat and dull (the woman who invariably makes the vivacious, terribly gay entrance, and has practically spent herself on the threshold). Then, some of us confuse detachment with indifference; we feel somehow that we are not shouldering

our responsibilities to the world unless we suffer, strain, tie ourselves into knots of tension. This is quite false; indifference strangles the emotions, but detachment only quiets and deepens them.

eal inner calm is not apathy or exhaustion. It is the discipline of energy unexpended, energy still in reserve, still available when needed. And among minor examples, it means not reacting to a traffic jam with the energy and emotion you might expend if your house were on fire; not pouring yourself down the telephone pleading for unimportant causes; not allowing your afternoon to be shattered by any degree of rudeness, unexpected and unprovoked.

Inner quiet keeps you alert, in command of yourself. It is usually inner restlessness that leads to easy courses—unguarded gossip, talking too much to the same person, or simply talking too much. Your un-quiet makes you miss the message; miss the point of what someone is trying to tell you; miss the chance to say or do something that you wish, in retrospect, you had said or done.

Anyone who has tasted the freedom, the lightness, and the joyous vitality of inner quiet knows it is worth cultivating. And everyone has tasted it. Sometimes in a deeply happy moment it wells up like a paean, perhaps without name. Or sometimes, having waked early to a spring morning in the country, you go out into the still-unmanifested day, and there is a wonderful private sense of peace and identity. But how to be privately quiet in public? If you can keep hold of that small central core of your own peace, you can be aware of public violence and survive it intelligently.

You might think that holding resolutely on to a piece of yourself would result in a stiff face; that you might get a cold, inward, even "culty" look, that your fire and vivacity would vanish—but it doesn't work like that. The actual result is a better quality of enthusiasm and animation, because it's more controlled—you are giving it out, not being given out by it.

Some women have small ways to help them. One, whose overcrowded life would make her a natural candidate for ulcers or breakdowns, uses the device of doing mental arithmetic in moments that might be tense. (She does long division or multiplication in her head.) She says it has no great value except that it keeps her from turning problems over aimlessly in her mind, having imaginary conversations that seem to end up by being angry ones. She feels that she comes to difficult situations refreshed and better prepared by having kept emotions out of her mind, even for a minute or two; and she has learned to postpone her worrying

until the time comes when she can do something about it.

In stalled taxis or crowded buses, there's the old resort of reciting poetry to yourself. Rather like mental arithmetic in that it occupies your mind neatly and tightly, and doesn't let it go wandering into aggrieved monologues, associative pictures, long lists of "Must Do's," all of which waste your store of inner peace. If the poetry is Milton, or something else wonderfully worth remembering, so much the better; but limericks will do. One woman we know keeps the Shakespeare sonnets going, year after year.

Then there are the quiet books. In one or two minutes and a few pages, they can smooth out your belaboured state, temporarily at least. Different people have different quiet books. For one, it might be Thomas à Kempis; for another, Mole's first boat-ride in *The Wind.in the Willows*. For still another, it might be Mr. Pickwick—possibly where he chases his hat—or any page of *Barchester Towers*, or Emerson, or the wonderful Thomas Traherne.

Quiet books can be scattered about one's house and life—to be picked up like a steadying talisman at any time during the day. They can hide in the glove compartment of a car or the drawer of an office desk; a paperback can fit in an average-sized handbag. There is no reason why the quiet book shouldn't be a detective story, or science fiction, if that's what smooths the fuss and frustration out of your mind. But there are those for whom poetry works best—especially verse that scans and rhymes. Its rhythmic beat seems to take over; we are slowed down, unjangled in spite of ourselves. Order and harmony gently replace disorder and confusion.

Music, of course, is the panacea for many—especially earlier music that is precise and orderly in structure: Bach, Handel, Purcell, Scarlatti. Reports from Britain during the blitz said that the BBC was deluged with requests to play Bach; his exquisitely interlocking harmonies were balm to the spirits of people whose lives were chaotic and uncertain.

The point is—something to help you put turmoil away from your mind until you are ready to deal with it; to put aside questions that insist until you are ready to answer them. That time will come, and the interim of private calm will help to make the answers clear.

There are big, serious ways that lead to inner quiet, and—happily—there are easy little paths that lead towards it. In almost all lives there are small, deep wayside stations of it where one can at least sit for a moment and say, "Yes, this is it, this is how it feels." Not everyone can stay there, but everyone can remember what it felt like—and that is the clue: if you remember its taste, or its sensation, you can go back to it whenever you need.

VOGUE, JULY, 1960





LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Never-out-of-season clothes

Jersey suit-2 greys, 2 lives



lothes that are never out of season—and there are surprisingly many that fall into this happy bracket—are, to our way of thinking, clothes that are never far from being worn. Not necessarily wearable every day, they are nevertheless the clothes that are never put in storage, never laid off for long weather stretches, and well worth keeping at a closet's hanger-tips through all seasons of the year. On these next four pages are four of the never-out-of-season clothes species—three suits, one coat. Two suits are jersey (than which few fabrics have more of a finger-in-every-pie attitude toward climate), one is an exciting tweedy plaid so wearable that no one could bear to put it away for long. The coat is blue middleweight tweed; the colour and weight, both versatile. All these clothes are good travellers too, since they can, without making a fuss, slip under furs or raincoats when necessary. For more seasonless clothes, see another collection starting on page 92; these, all designed in the state with never out of season weather: California. Many other clothes suggestions, spotted around this issue, can, depending on the climate you live in, come under the same Seasons unLtd. heading.

Left: What could be the busiest suit of the season, in worsted jersey with two greys to its credit jacket and skirt dark, collar and overblouse pale. Its extra life: undercoat, since it's beautifully unbulky. By Ben Gershel; about \$250. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Both, at Bonwit Teller. The suit, also at Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Necklace by Capri. Right: The coat that's never out of season, in a colour that isn't either—sky blue, the sky pale and slightly cloudy. Cask-shaped wool tweed, for over a suit, wool dress, black dinner sheath. The tunic dress, taupe-brown worsted jersey, belted in blue leather. Together, coat and dress illustrate the new blueand-brown chic. Both by Jablow. Coat of Linton tweed; about \$215. Dress of Jasco jersey, about \$90. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat and dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop; L. S. Ayres. Necklace by Brania. Velvet pillbox, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. The lipstick: Portofino Rose, by Estée Lauder.

Anytime coat; blue and brown hook-up





Never-out-of-season clothes continued



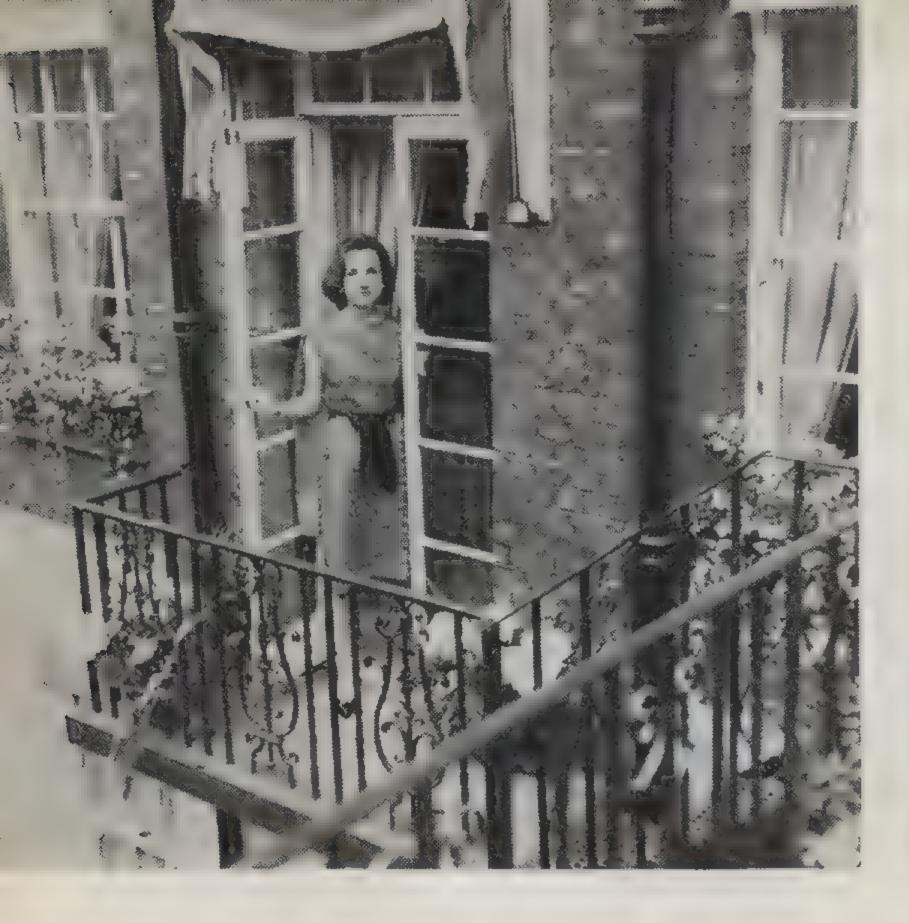
Plaid seasoning: salt, pepper, curry

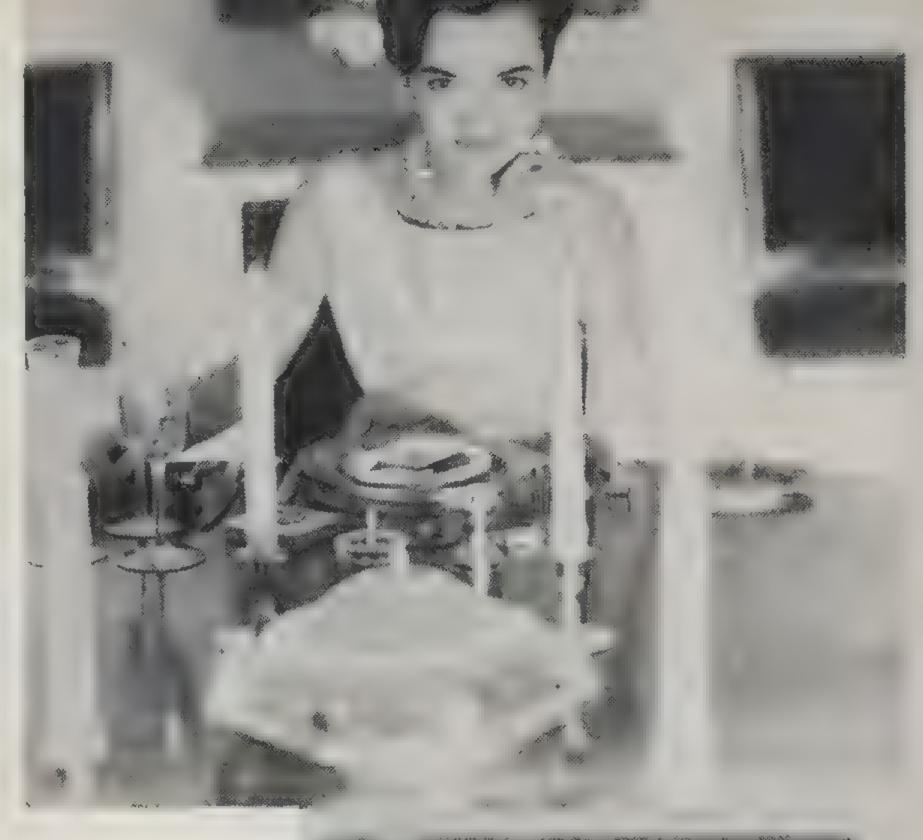
Left: A suit of unretiring handsomeness, to keep within reach for town, cool country, travel. Long jacket and straight skirt of flaky plaid wool tweed with an important colour flash—black, white, curried brown—and more spice in the wool jersey overblouse, the leather belt tied at loose ends in the Balenciaga manner. By George Carmel; suit of Dumas-Maury fabric. Costume, at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz. Hat by Emme. Alligator handbag by Lederer. Gloves by Kislav. Bracelet, earrings, ring, Van Cleef & Arpels. New lipstick: Elizabeth Arden's Copper Bronze. Above: Bronze-green wool jersey in a sweater-weight suit with melon-cut jacket, that could almost be an example of perpetual motion, seasonably speaking. In the blouse spot, leopard-printed jersey. Suit by Marquise; about \$225. Hat with pheasantry by Christian Dior-New York. Ronay handbag. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: Nan Duskin; Hudson's.

Evergreen jersey, good all year









Princess Radziwill, ninth in Vogue's series of fashion personalities

rincess Radziwill's clothes-life starts with one enchanting, instantly-visible asset: her beauty. Dark-haired, with widely-spaced dark-brown eyes and a serene oval face, she is the former Lee Bouvier, one of the two beautiful Bouvier sisters—the other being Mrs. John Kennedy, wife of the dynamic young Senator from Massachusetts. Princess Radziwill's life centres in London, in the eighteenthcentury house shown on these pages; but it also involves riding and golfing in the countryside near London and fairly frequent trips to France, Italy, and the United States. (This month, the Radziwills will attend the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles; then they will go to Newport.)

For most of her city-and-travel life, Princess Radziwill wears Givenchy clothes; young, simple, elegant, charmingly adaptable to changing situations and climates. She has a collection of his dress-and-jacket ensembles in various colours and fabrics, wears them indoors with the jackets (as suits, in fact) in London or Paris; without the jackets in New York, Washington, and other citadels of central heating. Also from Givenchy is a series of fresh and simple, un-froufrou at-home costumes which she almost always wears for dining at home. She likes green (all shades), reds, fuchsias, black-and-white; prefers solid colours to prints, with rare exceptions; seldom wears hats, but when she does—as on the preceding page—likes them large-brimmed and feminine, though never fussy. If she has a fashion-signature, it is simplicity.

Above, left: On the tiny terrace outside her London drawingroom, Princess Radziwill in Givenchy's black-and-white printed organza dress for afternoon, with a panel at back. Above, right: For a dinner-party at home, she wears Givenchy's long evening dress of pale-chartreuse paper taffeta. In the dining room: 18th-century Polish silver of Prince Radziwill's family; some rare early Chelsea china. Directly right: The off-white drawing room has Vigée-Lebrun portraits of Prince Radziwill's ancestors, and excellent French and Italian 18th-century drawings collected by Princess Radziwill. Dining alone with her husband, she wears a Givenchy déshabillé in ribbed white satin; pink sash, Far right, above: Going out to dinner, in the chartreuse taffeta dress, now with its fringed, beaded bolero jacket. Far right, below: Walking in the Mall with her dog (here, unseen), she wears Givenchy's suit of natural raw silk. On the preceding pages: Princess Radziwill leaving her house to ride at Windsor, in a habit by the famous London tailor, Huntsman; and lunching at the Ritz, in the beige raw silk suit, a brimmy hat. Her pug dog is named Thomas.

























THE LIQUIDATION OF EXCESS WEIGHT

Diet plans for losing
a little weight—or
a lot—by having at least
one liquid meal a day

Ready here for immediate action: liquid diets—good drink for thought now, since midsummer is the time when big meals are needed least, slimness wanted most. The fresh facts about liquid diets are these: many doctors find that diets in which solid food is replaced by liquid are more effective than diets in which solid food is merely limited. Also, the facts are that an important segment of medical opinion now takes a favourable view of sudden, or "fad" diets, finding that, for most women, they are effective, harmless, and—important to the dietee—morale-building, since the "size smaller" can be achieved quickly, uncomplicatedly. However, for liquid diets as well as other diets, it's wise to have a doctor's go-ahead signal before starting (unfortunate corollary here: no one ever asks her doctor's permission to overeat in the first place).

Liquid diets can take the form of prepared mixtures that need only water added, or foods converted into liquids by a blender, or a combination of both. The diet can be a crash one, making every meal liquid for two or three days a week, or a more moderate one with liquid as a summer replacement for lunch or dinner only. Advantages in any case: a liquid diet boils (or juices) down to an easy, refreshing-pause kind of meal that can be very attractive in hot weather. Also, nutrition stays at support level, calories needn't stand up and be counted, and the temptation to "cheat" is lessened since, at liquid-mealtimes, one doesn't have to sit down to the table at all. A by-product advantage is that time is saved, which can be used for gentle exercise—thus speeding progress.

FLUID DRIVE, READY-MIXED. One of the easiest ways of driving a meal to drink is with Metrecal, a new preparation in powder form that mixes with water to become a palatable liquid meal. This mixture contains all necessary vitamins, proteins, minerals, properly balanced with a rock-bottom quantity of calories. It can be the total diet for several days (which could be augmented with coffee or tea, things like celery and radishes for snacks), or it can impersonate one meal a day for a much longer time. It's filling enough to discourage appetite, comes in three flavours: chocolate, butterscotch, and plain—this last, mixable with fruit flavours, perhaps, for further variety. When it is produced by blender, it's rather like a not-very-creamy milk shake.

MIXED TO ORDER. Another approach to liquid meals is to mix them at home, from various juiceable ingredients. This takes (Continued on page 123)

To figure on now the tiger-printed maillot

Fascinating example of un-fearful symmetry: the maillot, jack-knifed on the opposite page, which could be a slim figure's just reward. This, of woven Helanca nylon, printed with sinuous streaks of black, tawny brown, white; high at the front, plummeted to the waist at back. By Rose Marie Reid; about \$30. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Choker-bracelet of smooth oval beads in tiger's-eye colour, by Miriam Haskell. Big black taffeta beach hat that's all brim and no crown, by Mr. John. The lipstick in a jungley, smoke-signaled orange: Coffee Toffee, by Max Factor.



Where can I find it now?

Shopping guide to the clothes you want this minute

Theoretically, July ought to be a fashion month in which you rest easily on clothes-laurels bought in May, and look forward, in a relaxed, contemplative way, to woollier autumn prospects. In real life, of course, it hardly ever works this way; real-life Julys are when women go to their cupboards and find them not bare, exactly, but hung with a rather down-at-the-mouth and overworked-looking crew. What's wanted, naturally, is a great jolt of fashion excitement—nothing to knock the budget out of whack but some strong, heady, and immediate refreshment. Now, if this describes your own present clothes situation, and a small voice of experienced disenchantment tells you that shops in July are haunted with the ghosts of summer-past or the spirit of September-future, hear this: while the shops may not be as flooded with summer news as they were in May, our researches have turned up a cheering number of shots in the arm for a fatigued July wardrobe, and we're delighted to pass these discoveries on to you. ... Really knockout bathing suits, which are said to acquire the rare aspects of black pearls—maddeningly—at the very height of the bathing season, are in better supply than you might think. For confirmation, we refer you to the next two pages, and to page 87.... Offhand, we can think of no single more desirable piece of fashion to own than the little-nothing dress which, when it's working doggedly at its many-hours, many-places, multiple-season reputation, comes in a silky fabric, and a colour that's not necessarily black, but as-basic-as. The Peck & Peck stores have just such a little wonder on hand now. This one, which is made by Sportwhirl, is a round-necked, unsleeved slip of a dress, with an elasticized waistband and a narrow self-sash to tie over that. It comes in rep-striped silk broadcloth. And, since the stripes run up and down, and are in shades of taupe and taupe-y greens and orange, it's all very easy to wear. We see no reason, in fact, why it couldn't see you right through to the bitter end of summer—especially those days, which are technically autumn, but hot as blazes. The cost of this convenience is \$23.... Come to think of it, there are several fashions on view this issue with the same realistic way of facing up graciously to fashion-life in a rather bizarre climate—the Glen-plaid cotton suit on page 108, for example, and the knitted cotton one adjacent to it. There will be days in October, we predict, on which both of them will be as lovable as they are in July. Same goes for the whizz of knitted black Ban-Lon on page 106—as a matter of fact, where this dress is concerned, the possibilities extend clear around the year.... Curiously, many women seem to be absent-minded in the matter of summer evening coats. We say 'curiously' because summer seems to us an ideal time to spend evenings out—what could be pleasanter than air-conditioned restaurants, theatres, clubs? Plainly, something glamourous in the way of an evening coat is indicated. We've one in mind, of silk-and-rayon peau de soie, which is as much cape or stole as it is coat. Anyway, there are no buttons or sleeves to worry about—you simply slip your arms through full-length slits at the side—and the collar puffs up under your chin. This airy little fling is made by Bersoie in day-dress length and comes in a staggering number of brilliant colours as well as black. Henri Bendel has them all, at \$60 a fling.... Conceivably, (Continued on page 125)

The quexquemtl find in July. The name might be a twister, but the idea couldn't be simpler—or more dashing, we think: a clangingly pink wedge of fringed hand-woven wool to angle, like a pint-sized poncho, over pants, shorts, bathing suits. Mexico is the home of quexquemtls but, in New York, you'll find them living it up in a blaze of colour at The Phoenix-Pan American Shop; \$6. Lipstick in a living-it-up kind of red, Beauty Counselors American Beauty.











The clothes starting here are all fairly unlimited about when and where they go-each has at least one extra wearing-season as an alternate sponsor. Everything on these next six pages might be bought as prudently in July as in December, might make fashionable headlines for most of the months after. All come from California designers. Left: Plaid wool suit for the city-country-travel circuit, with an almost endless front-log of bookings. N.B.: the brown and blue news flash, simulcasting dark and bright effects. Suit, with brown jersey top, by Bud Kilpatrick; at Polly's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Vera chiffon scarf. Seamless autumn-beige stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Shoes, by Sandler of Boston, of Allied kidskin. Above: Well-seasoned dress of Glen-plaid wool in taupe, green, black, with suitish collar, black suède belt. By Travilla, of Rodier fabric; about \$185. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Jenny's; Swanson's. Car, both pages: a Ford Sunliner. Long-run clothesno type-casting by seasons



Long-run clothes continued

Two more Californians; both seasonless. Above: No sabbatical required here—a dress that keeps busy any time of year. This, a soft, amenable shade of taupe, with softly covered top, narrow skirt. By Howard Greer, of Celanese acetate and Cordura rayon crêpe (Chardon-Marché fabric); about \$185. Brown and jet necklace. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. All at Jay Thorpe. Dress: Marshall Field; Halle Bros.; J. W. Robinson. The handbag by Gucci. Panorama shoes. Right: Suit with a fall-spring visa, immediate chic. Driftwood grey wool, with an easy overblouse that side-closes, trailing scarf ends that stem from a high collar. Made of the same fabric: a fez. Both by Werlé. Suit, about \$235, and hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The suit, also at Henry Harris; Frost Bros.







Long-run clothes continued

Left: Black silk dress for late-day parties, dinners, any given day of the year. The top is roundly scooped; the skirt wraps up a flounce of pleated black silk chiffon. By Helen Rose, of Bianchini silk crêpe; about \$215. Black velours hat. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Al Rosenthal; Joseph Magnin. Above: The cool dark dress that's indefatigable all through summer-black Dacron-and-cotton, with wide deep-dipping collar. By Georgia Bullock; about \$55. Black velours cloche. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Right: Also for warm days and late days in town, a dress of black Dacron-and-cotton with bateau top, skirt pleated all around. By Georgia Bullock; about \$55. Black velours fez. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Hats, both pages, by Christian Dior-New York. The background here: sculpture by Lyman Kipp exhibited at the Betty Parsons Gallery, New York.









20 most-asked beauty questions

20 good-news answers

These answers have been plucked from the beauty brains and are of the very moment in a field where improvements keep cropping up like dandelions. The questions are not, incidentally, numbered in the order of their electoral majority though they are the top twenty beauty-problem candidates.

1. Is there any way to cut down on the time it takes for a salon shampoo and set? A new device, the Capilustro, which looks rather like an old-fashioned curling iron attached to a streamlined control box, sets the hair with steam and a conditioning oil in about ten minutes—if the hair is already clean and dry. If not, the entire process of washing, drying by the dryer, and the setting by the Capilustro takes well under an hour, still less time than the usual wash and set. The result is comparable to that of a regular set and lasts about as long. There are Capilustros at some New York salons now; others may soon be expected in salons throughout the country.

2. Is it possible to remove frown wrinkles? One New York specialist has had real results with electrical therapy on this area, which has been a sort of backwoods to the plastic surgeon, unclearable because the incision he must make leaves a visible scar. In the electrical method, a needle is inserted under the skin to raise a little chain of swellings beneath the length of the wrinkle, pushing it out. The process has to be repeated three times within ten to twelve days on each wrinkle; is painless and causes a temporary slight redness, which can be covered by make-up—without interruption of everyday activities. Along with the removal, which may last a year and a half to five years depending on individual skin, one is taught not to frown in order to keep the line of swelling intact. If broken by recurrent frowning, the line can be repaired.

3. Is there a way of "opening up" the eyes rather than elongating them? A new open eye, wide and non-Oriental, can be made by drawing a line that follows the natural half-moon shape of the upper lid, right along its edge, into the lashes. Along the lower lid draw a line from dead centre to the outer corner. Mascara is applied deep into the roots of the upper lash; then brushed onto the lower lash only for the length of the outer half. A dash of white or very light shadow is applied in the middle of the upper lid for high light, blended very slightly.

4. How can the neck and back be shaped-up for bareness? The most efficient and successful way is by treatment at a salon, where you'll receive neck and back massage in addition to exercises to take care of individual problems. Along with a special knuckle-kneading massage of the neck muscles, described as having a sort of suction action on neck wrinkles, Anne Gerard, a New York expert in massage, suggests this exercise, said to be from Yoga. (It also pulls up double chins.) Try touching the tip of the nose with the tip of the tongue twenty times a day. You won't succeed, but, here, it really is the trying that counts. For home back-facials, there's a marvellous little electric device, the Oster Massagett, that fits over the hand and simulates a Swedish massage. (You'll need help with this, obviously.) For skins that aren't the creamiest or the tannest there's always artifice, in the way of a French liquid make-up, Hydrasolaire, by Stendhal, that definitely doesn't rub off. (Continued on page 124)

The cotton-skirt alternate for pants

Two of the freshest ways to the heart of a summer evening are here on this page and the page after next—cotton skirts, the longest and fullest, with the barest tops. Whether it's a dinner party at home, dancing at the beach club, or country whatever, two or more of these cotton evening dresses, the tops and skirts switchable, of course, can carry most summer evenings with cool assurance. Facing page: Poster-paint-blue top with blue and white polka-dot skirt of cotton batiste, both in the mainstream of the Americana revival in fabrics: gingham, ticking, calico. By Hannah Troy (with the top of textured rayon), about \$90, at Henri Bendel; The Higbee Co.; I. Magnin. The white sandals are by Bernardo.

VOGUE, JULY, 1960



wholesome references as your fashion personality (if you're tweed-and-flannel prone, there are perfumes that say so plainly); your age (any number of fragrances make it delicately clear that you've passed the age of rose-water cologne); where you live (even spang in the middle of a rain forest is no serious challenge). The Right Perfume, in fact, stresses all the things in full view. Possibly it eases into your life when a perfume saleswoman ticks off your brushed and shining hair, your peaches-and-cream skin, and your brow of candour, and decides in a flash, "acres of field flowers for you, my girl." And, since she can't be expected to recognize the seethe of unflowery emotions clicking away like castanets beneath the surface, the Right Perfume slips into your life—so smoothly and so unobtrusively that you may have to bend your head to hear its little voice. Like another blue dress in the life of a blue-eyed woman, the Right Perfume keeps making more of the same happen.

Now, the Wrong Perfume is a whole other thing—an unpredictable maverick of a perfume. It doesn't in the least reflect the way you look, the clothes you wear, the time of day, or the season of the year. It could be a chiffon-and-sapphires kind of perfume with tweeds. Or a heathery leathery thing in the city. It might be languid and lights-low in the morning, dewy and scrubbed in the evening. Or it's that brow-of-candour girl wearing something turbulent and downright unsettling—and wearing it with conviction. It is—since most of us, like the wistful fat man with the thin man inside him, have quite a different person under wraps—the voice of that other person. (One eloquent example of the point it can make was made, we like to think, in Noel Coward's Brief Encounter. The heroine of that movie, a little wren of a woman, low-key and indefinite, inexplicably strikes a wildly romantic chord in the hero, who—in a visionary sort of way—sees the volatile, exciting banked fires inside. Or, did he simply get a whiff of the Wrong Perfume?) The Wrong Perfume may have its opponents, but it has strong partisans, and a string of new admirers.

Because it's a step outside of yourself, the Wrong Perfume is harder to find than the Right Perfume. Choosing it should be an uninhibited spree in which the first reservation to go is: twinges about the appropriateness of a perfume—the Wrong Perfume has no A.M. or P.M. deadline to meet, no fashion idea to echo. Also to check at the door: any lingering traces of the perfume-categorizing syndrome. It may be fruit, flowers, spice, or pure musk—chemistry isn't the point. The pursuit of the Wrong Perfume is a matter of forsaking all no-message scents until you come to the one that's a shock of recognition re you. Or the two, or three—there are far more Wrong than Right Perfumes per woman. Not too surprisingly, the Wrong Perfume makes an extraordinarily flattering present for a man to give a woman. After all, it's the one that guesses at the depths in still waters; the present with the long-term build up. Note for the sender of same to consider: "Whatever you think, please—just for me—wear this night and day for a week." . . .

WHO'S IN LINE FOR THE WRONG PERFUME:

The placid girl, all sunshine on the outside, and who-knows-what on the inside. Give her a perfume that's deep, strange, and stormy—it could be just what's what. Some ideas along these lines: Mitsouko; Poivre; Incanto.

The woman whose world can be measured by a taxi-mile. Consider a perfume that's like the "forest's ferny floor" or new-mown hay or a raggedy field of wild flowers—taxis don't penetrate this deeply. Such as: Fleur Sauvage; Chypre.

The six-ways-from-Sunday kind of woman—the one whose great thrill of discovery was the button-possibilities of the safety pin. What you want here is a very well-organized perfume, strong on savoir-faire, and smelling—unreproach- (Continued on page 128)

The skirt-alternate for pants

Right: Bare, hung-by-a-string top and long skirt of green plaid; the shape classic enough to return for summer after summer of little dinner parties, and beach-club dances; straightforward enough to be a good alternate for pants. By Hannah Troy, of Wm. Anderson cotton; about \$70. Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's. Liparé sandals.











convert dollars into fashion

The good little trans-season dark dresses -at prices from medium low to medium -all good fashion for the money.

Far left: A graceful spill of black textured silk: soft little dress with its own cropped cardigan jacket (carried, not worn, here). By Carlye, of Chardon-Marché silk, about \$70. Miniature sailor hat by A. Brod. Both at De Pinna. Dress, also at Hudson's. Crescendoe white cotton gloves. Near left: Packable, washable, to wear three seasons long, almost anywhere. anytime: black dress with brief, wide sleeves. By Mr. Gee, of Ban-Lon knitted fabric of Chemstrand nylon; about \$40. Black velvet hat by Madcaps; necklace by Marvella. All at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also at Rich's. Shoes by Bally of Switzerland. Right: Slim overblouse, a skirt whose gathers begin where the blouse leaves off; the linen collar adds a touch of white. By Mr. Mort. of black Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe (Chardon-Marché fabric); junior sizes, about \$35. Ronay handbag. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue; dress, also Hutzler's; Dayton's. Irene of New York hat.





PRIVATE EYE ONNEWYORK

BY KATE SIMON,

author of "New York Places and Pleasures," who writes here of particularities, the oddities that a tourist rarely sees.

each of over eight million New Yorkers. Each, in turn, is possessed by the charm of the city—the charm that lies backstage of the curtain of towers.

There was a time, in the early days of Dutch colonization, when New York, always a place of great potential, was a lonely town. It needed people. So propaganda leaflets were sent to the Netherlands to induce colonization. Among the inducements on the leaflets was the claim that there were unicorns in New York.

We still have them in the form of the odd, the unique, the improbable. But this rather particular city is not that of the tourist; the unexpected seldom happens to an assiduous searcher and planner, which the tourist must necessarily be.

New York wildlife: lions in the street, lady-nipping squirrels, subway-stopping birds, and bats in the saloon.

It is the side glimpse of an idle eye, the shock of surprise in an unnoticed vista, the feeling of personal discovery which give the New Yorker his potent reasons for living in this city rather than anywhere else (he can't really understand the visitors' bromide: "It's great for a visit but I wouldn't want to live there"). He prefers not to uncover or share his private city with the Philistine who seeks only its shocking, compressed height, its effulgent glow and smell of money, its hyperthyroid enterprise and excited fantasies. The New Yorker enjoys the great, the swift, the gaudy, and the golden, but his warmer pleasure comes from the eccentric little flashes that make New York his.

He opens his morning paper—to find a little treasury of oddities. His wildlife, he reads, ordinarily safely nested in well-arranged zoos and parks has burst into anarchy: timid squirrels have nipped the peanut-bearing fingers of kindly ladies; bats fly into saloons and, like dreadful mediaeval murals, create previews of doom in warnings of D. T.'s; millions of birds, picking insects off the elevated rails, stop the progress of the subway; in the Bronx, people are chasing and catching free-running chinchillas; somehow a porpoise is found dead, hanging from a dim lamppost before an empty lot. Before the New Yorker's eyes, a lioness is led through theatre streets, for intermission crowds to stare at—with a touch of terrified disbelief. (The antique word, "astonied" expresses it best.)

While less florid in gesture—even self-effacing—New Yorkers are also exotic. Turbaned men, sari-ed women, people of various skin colours and eye-shapes are part of the natural *ambiance*, like the sound of planes in New York's very small sky. But there are others.

Hidden shops: where character counts, the owner may be one, and visitors should be careful not to irritate.

Among boarded-up houses, between store fronts blinded with disuse and grime, a shout of primary colours proclaims the fortune-telling shop and a family of gypsies who spark the duller slum streets and meld with the bars and botanicas of Spanish Harlem.

The owners of these botanicas become taciturn and still when an unfamiliar light-skinned person walks in to examine the candles, powders, amulets, and elixirs designed for ceremonial or private magic. Such a stranger is often told, if the inimical silence does not drive him out: "There is nothing here for you." Another kind of quiet is that of some antique and objet dealers who are polite but would just as soon you didn't ask to buy objects they have learned to love.

Several odd, small shops take their singularity from the temperament of their owners. A not-quite musical instrument shop (guitars and instrument cases drowning in football cleats and fencing masks) owns a proprietor who will talk to no one, except in an occasional bitter grunt. The rest of his conversation consists of signs proclaiming: "This is a first-class professional shop," an angry shout at a world which dares to doubt his authenticity.

There is another shop which sells nothing practical although, with effort, the fanciful objects can be coaxed into usefulness; it is a compendium of trompe l'œil and playful incongruities improvised on the premises. Its proprietress doesn't like to talk business, but she is verbal and clever so a visit produces ideas and information about any conceivable subject—like discussions of the psyche and soma, the despairs and hopes of her dog to which she gives the credit for some of the shop's more elaborate creations. (Continued on page 120)

Loolscaping -

with architectural splash

What transforms a swimming pool into a garden-maker is less what's in the pool than what's out—some such sharply effective juxtaposition of garden architecture and water as, here, the parasol pavilion beside a classic circle pool. Gala as a wedding reception, this pavilion and its pool were designed by Edward Stone and Tom Church for an industrial plant in Pasadena, the Stuart Company. At the pool (built by Baker Pools), Stuart employees and their families swim and have parties. Hung with lanterns and scattered with rattan chairs, the pavilion is a sunshade by day, a party room by night. When no one is swimming in the pool, fifteen jets of water play over its surface. On the next four pages, five pools—each with special, splashy, architectural treatment.



Loolscaping

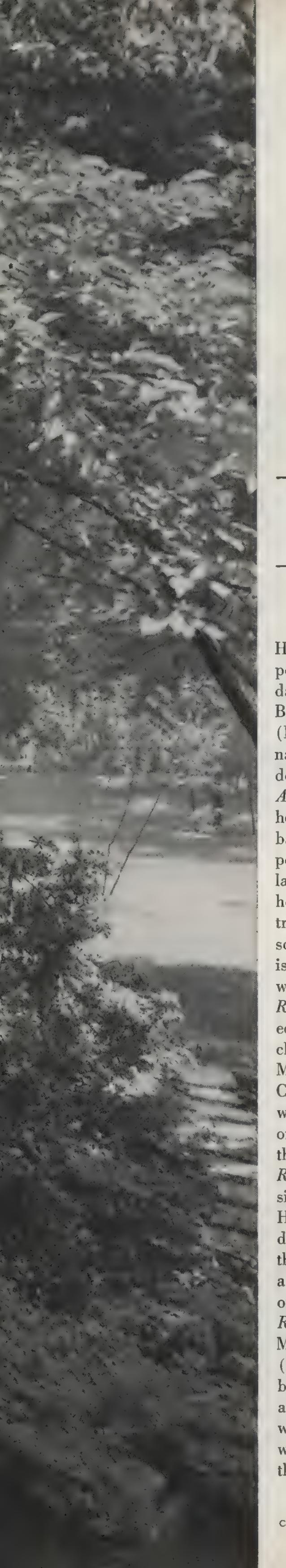
continued

In Southern California, a country so well-pooled that it looks from the air like a spread of turquoise-blue confetti, water in the garden is often the focus of an entire house plan. For this garden, and the Beverly Hills house it borders, designed by Thornton Ladd and John Kelsey for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Quon, the garden involves a constant flow of water from the shallow, pebbled pond into the pastel-blue swimming pool. The water is filtered, streaming through the pools again and again; to keep the surface clear, all the low planting swings free of the pond. (Of the forty-seven thousand new private pools in this country last year, ninety-nine per cent do have filters, and ninety-two per cent, the pretty night-glow of underwater lighting.) Along with more than half of the private pools built now, both this swimming pool and its decorative pond are of blown concrete. The construction of such a pool begins with steel reinforcing, covered with a rapid spray of concrete from a special blowing machine, and then, usually, a plaster lining. (The spraying takes only a few days; the pool, about two weeks.) For this decisively garden-making pool, the flat copings are of granite. When Mr. Quon once said to his architects that he could have granite brought as ship's ballast from Hong Kong, but wouldn't know where to use it, they urged him to order the shipment. The result is this cool garden wash of granite, greenery, and water. (Continued on page 115)





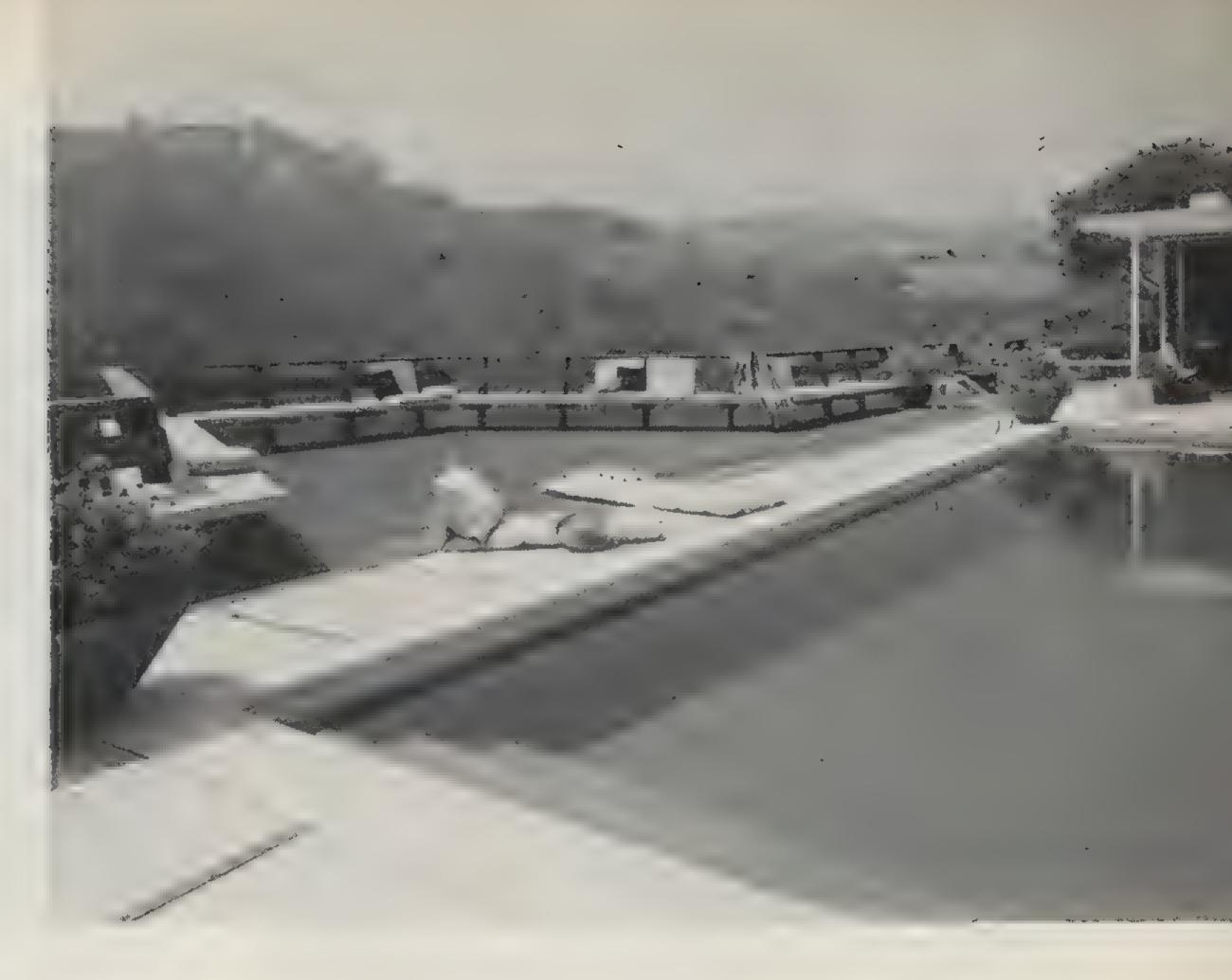




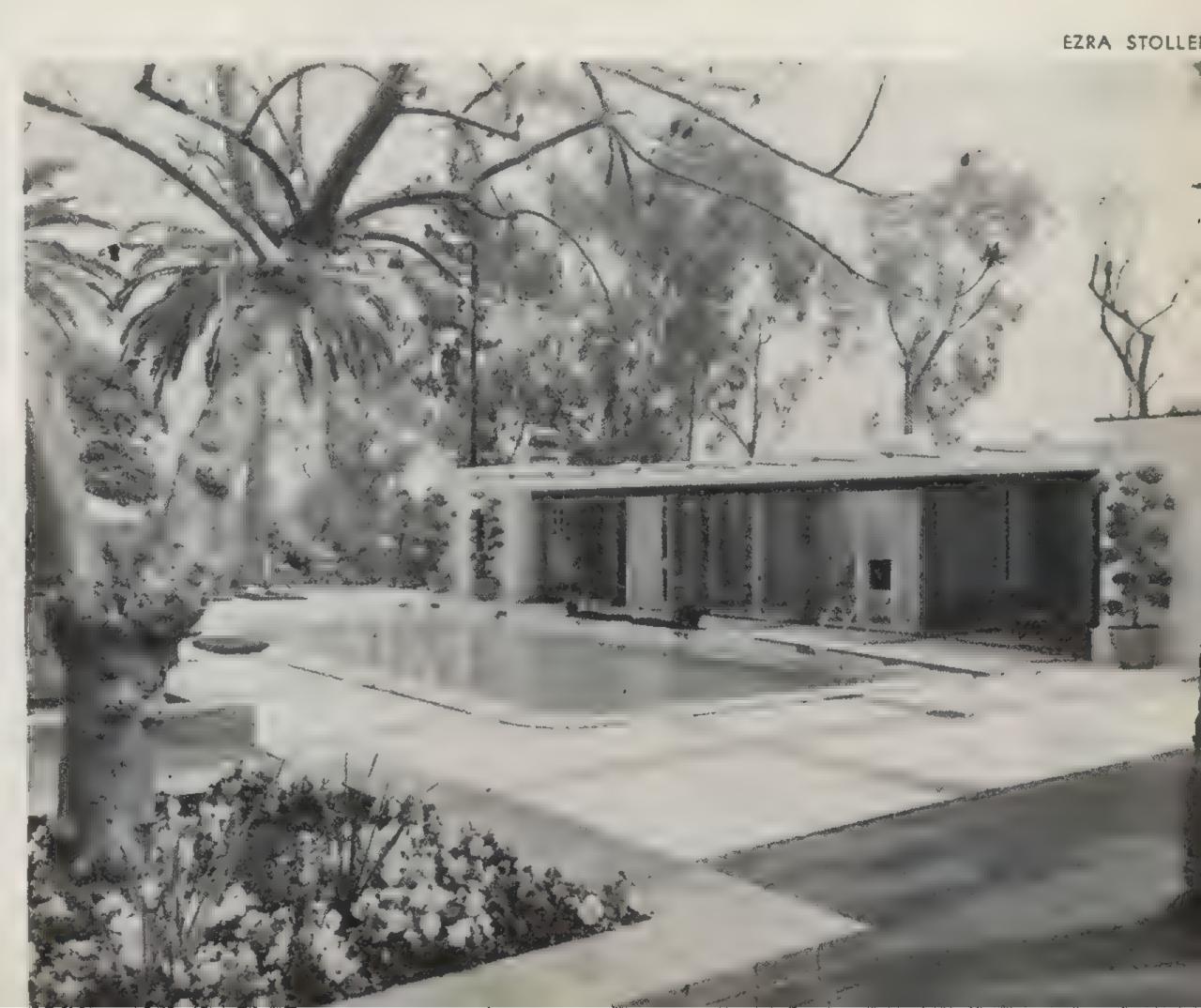


continued

Here, four more pools with distinct extrapool splash. Left: for their house in Riverdale, New York, Mr. and Mrs. William Brown Meloney built this stone-lined pool. (Mrs. Meloney, under her professional name, Rose Franken, wrote more than a dozen novels, as well as such plays as Another Language and Claudia. Some of her later plays were produced by her husband, who is also a novelist.) Above the pool, held by a thick retaining wall, is a large terrace, with French doors into the house. Partly to obscure the sound of traffic into Manhattan (a few minutes south), water plays into the pool, which is kept filled, heated, and lighted even when snow glazes the trees and sculpture. Right, above: a cantilevered redwood deck edges this pool, sunk into the rim of a cliff near the Bel Air house of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Barnett. Designed by Tom Church, the blown-concrete pool is lined with green plaster to make the water a rinse of jade green-coolly effective against the sand-coloured walk and redwood deck. Right, centre: this Pasadena pool was designed by Don Burgess for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Chandler, who gathered its border rock by rock at Malibu. Ten feet from the Chandlers' bedroom, the pool lies in a grove of ferns and ginger, with a fall of water running through the rocks. Right, below: at the Los Angeles house of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, the pool (built by Paddock Pools) is bordered with blocks of white, squared by red bricks and a single line of black. For the pool house with its red columns, black beams, and white canopy held by brass-tipped spears the same flag-bright, unsinkable dash.









In the living room: an Italian chandelier, louvered shutters, delicious colourings of faded greens and corals against off-white walls with grisaille panelling by Henry Billings.

Imaginative elegance on Long Island

Pretty to live in, easy to keep: the Taliaferro house at Oyster Bay



Around the white-plaster house: terraces, trees.

As light and fresh in feeling as an espaliered lemon tree, the one-storey Oyster Bay house of Mr. and Mrs. C. Champe Taliaferro decisively mirrors the way one family likes to live. Mrs. Taliaferro, a slender young woman with startlingly blue eyes and the young dash of tanned skin and prematurely grey hair, manages her four-child household with one cleaning woman by day, one nursemaid for the two youngest children. Designed by Frederick King to make that kind of easy-to-keep living possible, the house—elegant and practical—is simply a central rectangle with two wings, one stretching toward the slope of a tree-sprinkled hill, the other toward the swimming pool. Every room opens onto either terrace or brick-walled, green-planted garden. (Point one in Mrs. Taliaferro's easy-living plan: she fills her house with flowers, but doesn't grow them.) Inside, the house is planned for a minimum of keeping. Both hall and living room have bare parquet hardwood floors, stained light-dark-darker, their gloss good for the dancing parties that the Taliaferros often have. (Continued on page 118)



The entrance hall: a vaulted ceiling for illusory height, white walls and blackamoors, a Directoire settee covered with coral-coloured silk.



By the sunroom windows, permanent card tables stand ready for either playing or eating; for meals, the food comes in by wheeled cart.

Long Island house continued

The children have a wing apart, where they make their own beds, mop up after their own baths. In the other wing is the dining room, a blend of off-whites, pink marbles, and greyed greens; beyond that, through a wide, white-columned doorway, is the sunroom, where one-and-a-half walls are glass and green-painted latticework takes the place of curtains. Here, as in the dining room and bedrooms, the floor is of vinyl straw squares, cared for with a damp mop and monthly waxing. Mrs. Taliaferro and her decorator, Mrs. Henry Parish II, hit upon sturdily pretty fabrics: pale-pink and white checked cotton on two of the chairs, heavy white linen slip covers on two others.

On the fireplace wall, two garlands of carved wooden fruit hang above a painting of fruit by Richard de Menocal; built into the wall are the television, radio, high-fidelity phonograph, and an inter-com to the children's rooms. Near the dining room are ovens, built into the brick wall, and a grill used for informal parties. The Taliaferros often eat on the terraces or in the sunroom, where what's for dinner comes in from the kitchen by cart to be cooked on the spot. Beyond the sunroom are the kitchen, a mud room for the children's boots and outdoor toys, and two extra bedrooms for guests or an overflow of servants. The master bedroom is in the main part of the house, along with an office where Mr. Taliaferro, a radio ham, keeps, among other things, the transmitter for the short-wave radio that is one of his great interests. In this bedroom, where the floor is vinyl, the windows shuttered instead of curtained, and the furniture includes a delicate fruit-wood dressing table and a chest painted pale blue-grey, the same practicality and forthright prettiness that characterize the entire house prevail.

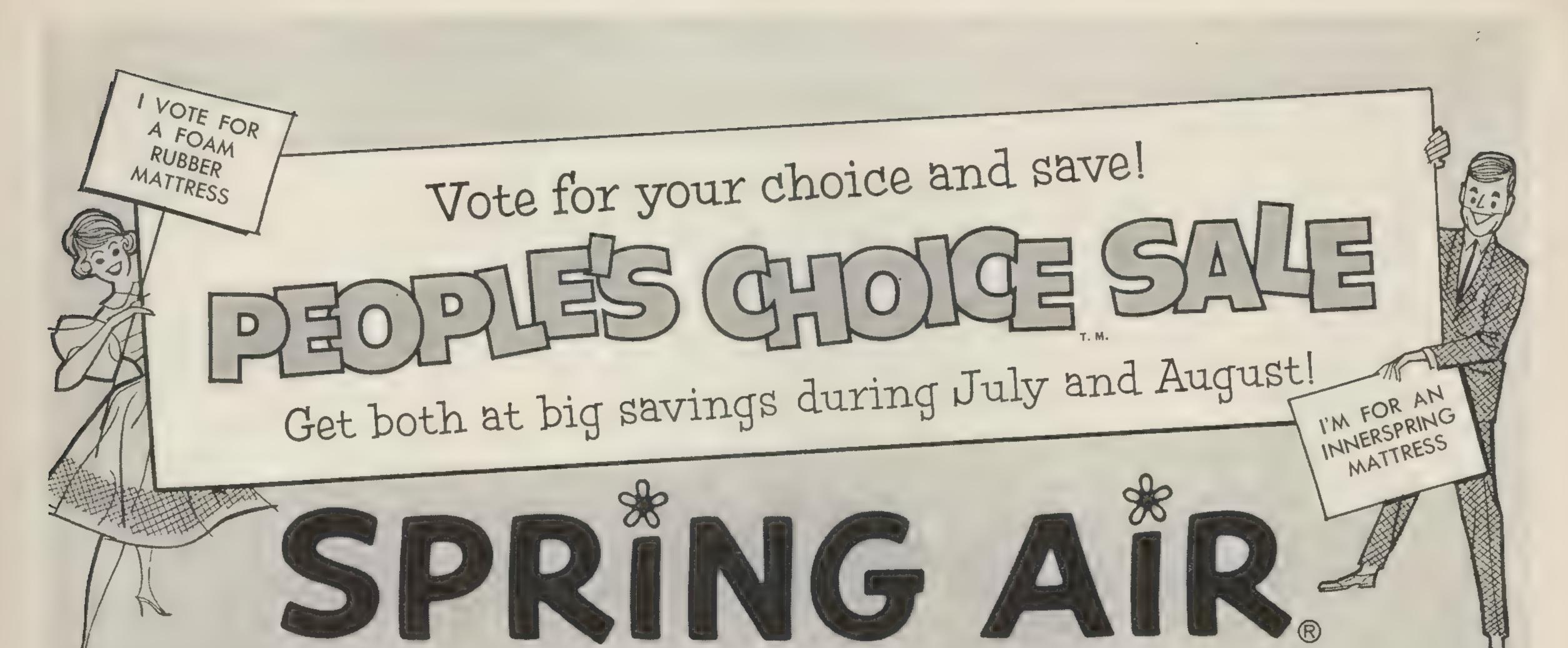


Sunroom cooking in high, walled ovens.



In the master bedroom, a lacy rattan headboard, a quilted white linen spread.

KERTÉSZ



"PEOPLE'S CHOICE" 100% FOAM RUBBER MATTRESS

The luxurious comfort of costly GOODRICH TEXFOAM 100% latex foam rubber mattress at this unheard of low price! Smooth top with 169 perforations per sq. ft. for cooler sleeping... greater density where necessary for extra-firmness. Heavy-textured rayon damask ticking in shimmering antique gold. Paired with firm 10" high box spring for maximum comfort.

"PEOPLE'S CHOICE" Extra-Firm INNERSPRING MATTRESS

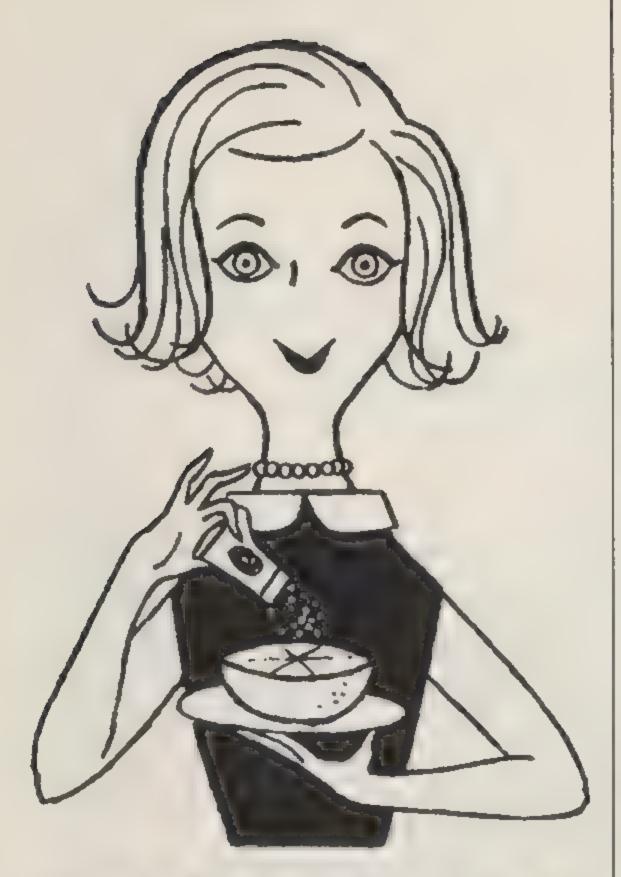
Resilient, gentle surface with extra-firm inner support for more comfortable, more relaxing sleep. Additional support at edges and other areas where wear is greatest. Handsomely patterned, lustrous rayon damask ticking in stunning antique gold.

Same innerspring unit used in famous Model "70" that sold thousands at \$69.50



PRIVATE EYE ON NEW YORK

(Continued from page 110)



DIETING?

Discover this <u>new</u> sugar substitute!

There's only one that is granulated like sugar. Looks, sprinkles, and sweetens like sugar! It's ADOLPH's Sugar Substitute, now at grocery stores. Costs a little more, but it's worth it. FOR FREE SAMPLE write Dept. H-7, Adolph's Ltd., Burbank, Calif.



Another fine product from Adolph's Research Kitchens

GURED

More than one million Americans are living proof. Remember . . . your contributions helped save many of these lives. Your continuing contributions are needed to help discover new cures and, ultimately, the prevention of cancer itself • Remember, too, if you delay seeing your physician, you drastically cut your chances of cure. Annual checkups are the best way of detecting cancer in time • Guard your family! Fight cancer with a checkup and a check.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

One rather ordinary little shop raises itself out of mediocrity by means of a rotating wheel of signs which shout about the iniquities of other shops—their dishonesty, the questionable provenance of their goods (including threatening political overtones), informing the reader that he is a gullible peasant to be fooled by these unspeakable establishments.

Surprises: a taxi driver who checks the French accent of his high school clients, subway trains with Muzak.

The strained, staring eye of the traveller may, unfortunately, easily miss such eccentricities—and others to which the New Yorker is devoted—as: somewhere among the taxi drivers of tough talk there is a gentle elderly one who checks the French assignment and pronunciation of a group of high school customers; another supplies the morning paper, cigarettes (he discontinued the coffee), and a soothing word to his clientele.

New York's winter streets, often grey and forbidding, are brightened by the pink skins and white shorts of marathon walkers jerking along in their strange gait like ineptly strung puppets. Early in the morning, sections of Central .Park become the practice fields of dog trainers, their faces stern as they bark at the playful, irresolute dogs.

New Yorkers enjoy pointing out that although New York is so tightly squeezed and mixed, there are streets devoted to one trade as in mediæval guild towns: one street has been taken over for artificial fruits, feathers, and ribbons, used as hat trimmings; another street is radiant with jewellery, deep and crowded arcades of it; another has a long row of pawned musical instruments; still another specializes in restaurant kitchenware.

Another New Yorker love is the more playful aspects of that impersonal behemoth, the subway; of its special trains equipped with Muzak, of the time that soap coupons bought tokens, and the lyrical days when perfume was wafted through the roaring, ugly tubes. Or he tells of one group of the city's police stationed in a great mansion, ennobled by its magnificent fittings and high ceilings.

Potluck in many languages.

Until quite recently, the lower reaches of the East River gave hospitality to groups of families on houseboats. These were canalers, some from the Erie Canal who came south to enjoy the amenities and balm of a New York winter and, when the ice began to thaw in the canals they worked, travelled back north again to resume their trade.

Across the water, clustered around the North Gowanus Canal of Brooklyn, live some six hundred Mohawk Indians who came from Canada in 1935 to become structural steelworkers. (The choice of the Canal district as a settlement point has no atavistic meaning, as one might like to imagine; it is simply close to the union hall.)

In Harlem there is a sect of Negro Jews: the Falashim. Claiming the union of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba as their origin, they live in splendid religious isolation from all other Jews, reserving the exclusive right to be called "real Jews."

A somewhat tired cliché concerning New York City runs to the effect that it has "more Irish than Dublin, more Jews than Tel Aviv, more Italians than Rome." Whether it has more Pakistanis than Karachi, more Chinese than Peiping, more Tuareg than the Sahara, more Serbo-Croatians than Belgrade is still in doubt, but whatever the number, there are still enough members of varied national groups to maintain some form of entertainment in almost any known culture or language.

The Chinese feed their nostalgia with the Chinese movies shown in Chatham Square movie houses or listen to the regular radio broadcasts designed for them by one of the city's multilingual stations, or organize a company to perform Chinese opera, a delight to the occidental eye and cruel to its ear.

In theatres that might be called off-off Broadway and very often not theatres at all but high school and settlement house halls, "at liberty" professionals and ambitious amateurs perform Bohemian operas or searing Yiddish dramas of immigrant struggles, or plays of Polish heroism or dark Greek tragedy. For lighter fare, Greeks go to a movie house just west of Broadway. Interspersed

in the Greek schedule, are Italian movies which are extended soap operas compounded of sin, motherhood, and religion boiling in an exhausting emotional foment, quite unlike the Italian films of the art cinemas.

The Irish find evenings of Irish dancing in a German neighbourhood, in the City Center building and, in fine weather, large outdoor displays of Irish games and music. People from British cultures stage cricket matches in the city's parks and public stadia and, on a rare, cold day, Scotsmen find an icy patch along which to propel their curling stones.

A group for everyone—the Astrals, the lonely, the tall.

Somewhere in the city, at almost any hour, the hobbyists, the thinkers, and the uplifters are meeting in little enclaves of mutual understanding and private vocabularies, gathered against an insensitive world, for safety, or for the improvement of that world. The extraordinarily tall, for instance, sometimes merge their self-consciousness with others of like elevation; a building which once housed the Hebrew Actors' Union now bears the sign "Tall Folks."

The excessively sentimental, yearners for an innocent, purer day, join doll collectors' societies or groups that sing Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, the apolitical internationalist finds a society of Esperanto speakers. A search for a new faith creates courses in numerology, schools of Yoga, a Plato-Pythagorean Council, an Anthroposophical Society, a Psychic Association for Research and Enlightenment, a Guided Panoramic Tour through the Astral (with mystic overtones).

And always in some dedicated room, in a small enclosure behind a public concert hall, in an unused University classroom, in a loft above a bookshop, in an "avant" gallery, explorations—as detailed, careful, humourless, and exhaustive as surgical procedure—go on into the darker corners of art, literature, and music. The amateur sociologist and psychologist, his morbidity masked by cool scientific curiosity, finds his pleasure in Night

(Continued on page 122)

LIQUID DIET REPRISE

A Vogue idea—living on liquid nourishment for a few days at a time, and getting a slimmer figure as a reward. Simple rules to this game: when you're hungry, drink one of these quick mixtures instead of eating; daily intake should be limited to 1000 calories. This list of twenty-three ways to drink a meal was first published in Vogue in 1953; it appeared again in 1956. Its comeback here is by popular request. For all the facts about liquid diets, and more liquid-meal suggestions, start reading on page 86.

| QUICK MIXES—SIMPLY STIR Calories *Tomato juice and bouillon |
|---|
| Tomato juice and sauerkraut juice |
| *V8 juice and raw onion |
| *Clam juice and chicken bouillon |
| Cranberry and orange juice |
| Buttermilk and carbonated water |
| Tomato juice and clam juice |
| Pineapple lemonade |
| Yogurt and carbonated water |
| Apricot and apple juice |

| $\frac{1}{2}$ | une juice and milk230 cup each |
|---------------|--|
| | up prune juice, juice of ½ lime |
| | DRINKS TO BLEND OR WHIP Calories |
| | et juice and yogurt |
| | ttermilk and applesauce109 |
| | gurt and tomato cocktail110 cup each, onion salt |
| | apefruit juice and peaches125 (app.) |
| | neapple juice and banana |
| | cup each |
| | lushrooms and milk |
| 1 c | pinach, milk, consommé |
| | apefruit juice and avocado |
| _ | gnog |
| | vocado and consommé |
| ют | OR COLD |

Go ahead-take the plunge!



with WATERPROOF EYE MAKE-UP by MAX FACTOR

MASCARA WAND

Strokes on waterproof color—quick as a wink. Odorless, smearproof, never beads. 13 colors to touch lashes with luscious beauty. From \$1.50. Refills from \$1.00.

HI-FI FLUID EYE-LINER

Suddenly your eyes look bigger, brighter than ever before! 13 exciting waterproof colors brush on like magic. Last all day without smearing. \$1.50

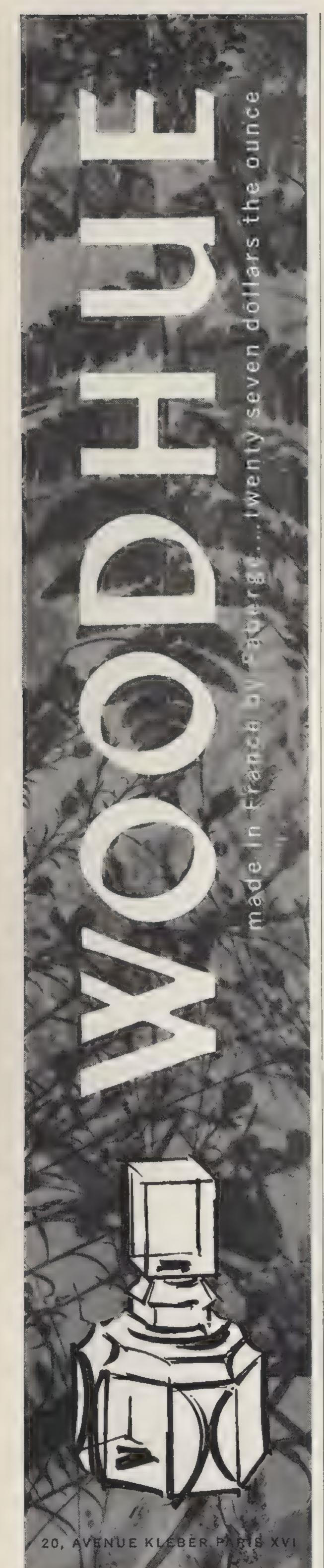




@1960, MAX FACTOR & CO.

PRIVATE EYE ON NEW YORK

(Continued from page 120)



Court, in meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous, or Narcotics Anonymous and will even pay a fee to join a public session of group therapy.

Movie students find old and foreign films for the connoisseur by subscribing to Cinema 16 for Sunday morning and Wednesday evening shows from October to May, or at the Museum of Modern Art, or the Thalia Theater on the upper West Side.

Those who want to immerse themselves in the minutiae that make a roaring city life, may choose to play chess or checkers in espresso cafés in the Village and around Times Square, or listen to poetry arid and cryptic read to jazz in tentatively leased small clubs, or, again, listen to jazz accompanied by violent paintings in crude galleries. More lucid poetry is read and discussed by its makers in a large YMHA where excellent modern dance recitals are also held.

The broke intellectual can find sustenance in the free theatres associated with acting schools (a donation is urgently requested but strength and poverty can resist the temptation to be generous and civic-minded), in free concerts organized by music schools and in the Public Library, and free lectures in the museums. In summer he can go to free outdoor concerts and dance in the city's parks.

Right now, somewhere, there's a fiesta—Italian, Chinese.

Almost any time during the year, some dim neighbourhood suddenly shimmers with a thousand coloured lights, or glows softly with lanterns, or crackles with fireworks; another fiesta. It could be the brilliant Chinese New Year celebrations which include a magnificent block-long dragon and dancing, silken lions, or it might be the Neapolitan's San Gennaro being honoured with bouts of reverence, eating, small gambling, and dancing. It could be a modest, antique ceremonial of a Japanese Feast of Lights or a Greek parade featuring hearty, mature "Maids of Hellas" and moustached old gentlemen in brisk pleated skirts and curlytoed boots. Again, it might be an Hispanic parade, more like a dance and block party than a formal parade. (The stay-at-home

who wants to keep his forebears with him, buys Ukrainian or Hungarian, or Chinese, or French, or almost-any-country-you-canname newspapers or immerses himself in an almanac of Irish fairs, or tunes in on a soap opera in Spanish or the long, sad strophes of Sicilian folk songs.)

Because of the lack of time or information, and sometimes the fear of visiting an unpublicized section of the city, the tourist misses these flashes of naïve ebullience, which light the rigid sophistication of the city. And rarely does he have time for the pleasure of eavesdropping: eight million people of diversified origins, living the charged life of the city, infused with a Mediterranean openness which ultimately rubs off on Anglo-Saxon shoulders, can say many astonishing things in many languages, including the Freudian.

Lovable banks, apartment houses with African sculpture.

It may be the search for verities sounder than money that has recently made Art—good, bad, decorative, pure, non-objective, or traditional—burst forth in the lobbies of office and apartment buildings: mosaic murals, tapestries after Picasso, and especially designed Edward Fields rugs; one or two of these lobbies are also galleries for changing shows of thickly-textured swirls of paint.

Churches, coffeehouses, restaurants, are, often, also art galleries. The banks, touched by art and possibly wanting to soften their traditional cold marble and forbidding grillwork, have made an earnest effort to become warmer, prettier, and more lovable. One has a handsome metal plaque echoing, in form and suggested movement, the crowds that pass before it; another bank is exquisitely planned space, subtle colour, and cool sophisticated taste.

Behind the mink, sometimes a thrift shop.

Some small-town visitors, dazzled by the exaggerations of the centre of the city, see every New Yorker as well-dressed, assured, eloquent, and rich. The visitor can not know that behind the impressive mink, the imported car, there may well lie a tale of thrift shops and renting. Neither can

he know that the businessman who shines with a false glow, who talks in large mercantile strophes and thundering percentages, may conduct his empire from message centres at the railroad terminals or from a series of phone booths, his office equipment a stack of dimes and a little notebook. There are a few small dealers in unset jewels whose offices are their vest pockets, and their sales tables the sidewalks of West 47th Street.

The smaller museums, shy, special, hungry.

Obscured among the glories of the monumental museums and famous shops of the city there are some engagingly modest museums. For instance, one of the pleasantest, least demanding museums is the 42nd St. Public Library which puts into view lively exhibitions of rare matter concerning the printed word. Not too difficult to reach for even the centre-bound visitor is the Numismatic Museum, with its handsomely lighted and arranged cases of coins and commemorative medals, some of them exquisite Renaissance portraits in miniature.

For those so slanted through profession or morbidity, there is an anaesthesiology museum. The city helps support an old (1839) house at 29 East 4th Street, decaying, musty, unrestored, its paint faded and its rugs worn. The Chippendale and Duncan Phyfe furniture are still beautiful and the closets are full of tippets and lace crinolines and hat boxes from Paris. On upper Fifth Avenue a handsome house, now the Jewish Museum, holds a large collection of Hebrew ceremonial objects; silk manufacturers maintain a small textile museum, and the venerable Cooper Union supports a museum and study centre of interior arts with matter ranging through the centuries from Coptic textiles to Steinberg wallpaper.

According to legend, unicorns—those curious inducements once offered as one of the attractions of New York for Dutch Colonists—are shy and lend themselves to captivity only under very special conditions. For the tourist, the special conditions might be the idle stroll, the unfocused, casual eye—only with these can he capture those unicorns of New York: the elusive glimpse, the secret places, and the shyer pleasures.



Summer refreshments

Small scented soaps,
nestled into the pockets
of a black-and-white
plastic tray: to give
as a gift or to set out in
your own bathroom for guests.
Eight guest-soap size cakes;
the fragrance, Chanel No. 5.
By Chanel, \$4. At Best's.

The scent of fresh greenery—ferns or perhaps rose leaves:
Fleur de France after-bath
lotion smooths, refreshes. In
packable plastic bottle: 8 oz.,
\$2.50*; 16 oz., \$4.50*. By
D'Orsay of Paris; at Altman's.
*PLUS TAX

THE LIQUIDATION OF EXCESS WEIGHT

(Continued from page 86) more time and thought, but allows for ingenuity and offers more variety, more degrees of fillingness. The meals to drink here are suggested by Manya Kahn, an authority on health and beauty, whose New York salon has, for twenty-five years, been a formative influence on good figures. Miss Kahn favours the gradual diet plan of only one liquid meal a day, also advises daily exercise during the diet period, to keep a tight rein on abdomen, hips, thighs.

Here, five recipes for liquid lunches (or dinners), planned by Manya Kahn; these, to be rotated to taste. All should be thoroughly mixed in a blender, then chilled before drinking, for extra tastiness. Other solid meals should be sensibly diet-conscious, neither feast nor famine. Scant butter or cottage cheese may be put on toast; dressing on salads and vegetables should consist of corn oil, lemon juice, herb seasoning, period. Corn oil should also be used for broiling fish or chicken.

- 1. ½ banana, 1 glass skimmed milk, 4 oz. fresh orange juice.
- 2. 6 fresh apricots, ½ glass fresh skimmed milk, one egg.
- 3. ½ ripe cantaloupe, ½ glass skimmed milk, 4 oz. pineapple

juice, preferably fresh.

- 4. 3 fresh skinned peaches, 2 egg yolks, 4 oz. fresh orange juice.
- 5. 1 ripe skinned apple, 1 egg yolk, 1 glass fresh skimmed milk.

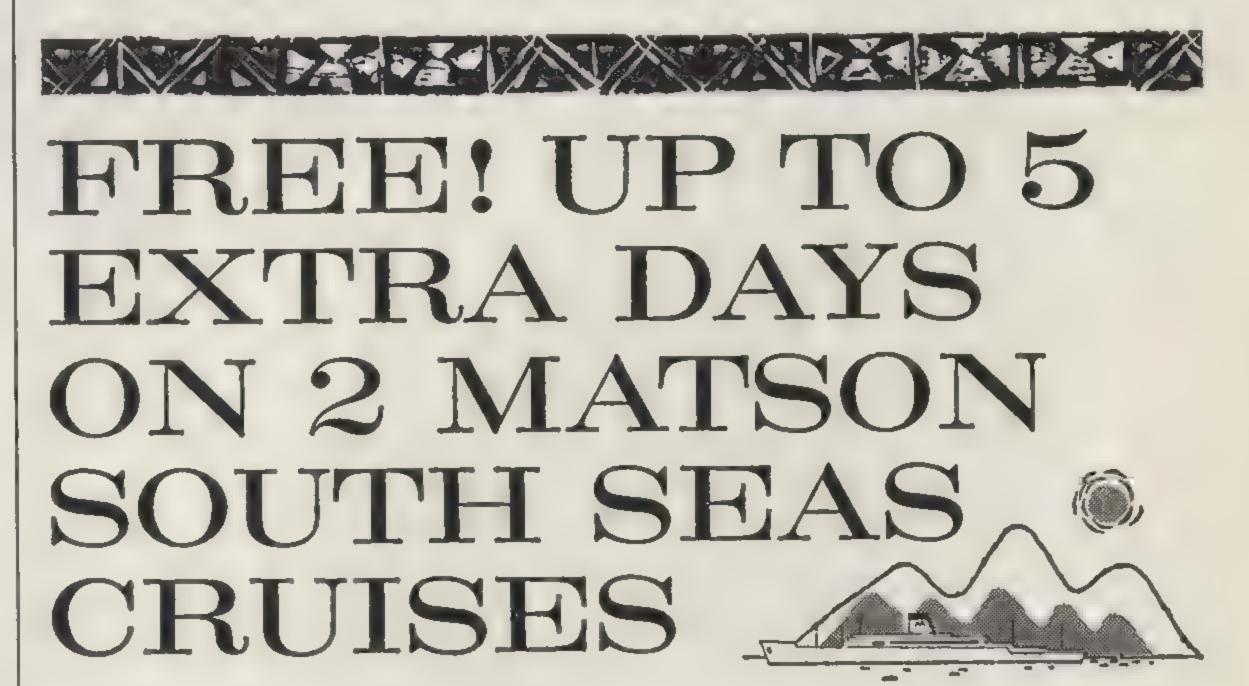
Now, the exercises—these, tailored by Miss Kahn to make diet more rewarding. (Another Kahn-point is constructive breathing; this should be done deeply, rhythmically, usually breathing in at the beginning of a motion, breathing out at the end of it.)

- 1. Lie flat on back, arms at sides, toes pointed. Lift both legs to a vertical position, keeping knees straight; slowly lower legs to the floor.
- 2. From the same starting position, lift both legs off floor about five inches. Keeping knees straight and toes pointed, swing legs slowly from right to left, then back to floor.
- 3. From starting position, bring both legs up slowly to vertical position. Stretch legs apart sideways, hold for a few seconds, bring them together, then slowly lower legs to floor.

Each exercise can be done five times a day to start with, gradually working up to twenty times a day.

More liquid diets are listed on page 121.





The ultramodern cruise liner ss Monterey sails September 2 and October 22 on Matson's longest South Seas cruises for 1960. With up to 5 extra days, including an extra visit in colorful Hawaii, you gain as much as \$480 vacation value free. You'll sail on the only all First-Class cruise liners to the magic South Seas... the only liners to both Tahiti and Pago Pago — plus New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Hawaii. Cruise passenger list limited for more space and service per passenger. Fares for 46-47 day cruises, from \$1125. See your travel agent.

ALSO WEEKLY SAILINGS OF THE LURLINE OR MATSONIA BETWEEN HAWAII AND CALIFORNIA New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C., Honolulu



20 BEAUTY QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 101)

5. Are anti-wrinkle creams preventive as well as corrective? Antiwrinkle creams fall into two categories: one to help the external causes of the skin's aging; the other to help mitigate the internal causes. In the first group are moisturizers and emollients to be used on young skins to postpone the onset of wrinkles. In the second are preparations with serums, vitamins, placenta, or estrogenic hormones for skins that are no longer young. The most important factor in the wrinkle war for young or mature skins is, of course, over-all good health, A deficiency of Vitamin A causes, among other things, dry skin—the biggest come-on for wrinkles. One of the newest anti-wrinkle preparations, Magician, by Blanche de Lysia, has in it a blend of cereal oils, potent with Vitamins A, B, and E. Like all the anti-wrinklers, it is a supplement, not a substitute for nutrients.

6. How can I know that I'm getting the best of the new hair colouring developments? There are so many individual considerations involved that the best security is a first-rate colourist. To this anchor, here are some additional ground points: It is wiser not to attempt to restore exactly your original colour; skin tones change, as well as hair colour, and a shade a few tones lighter or more muted than the original looks softer. There may be naturally as many as eighteen colour tones in one head, which is why the new shading processes, which simulate natural shading, give the hair a more vital look than the old flat colours. If the hair is flat-looking after tinting, the causes can be numerous. A flat-looking colour may be the result of out-of-condition hair, which can be restored to good health by any one of a number of conditioners. If, three or four days after each shampoo and set, tinted hair looks dull, a shampoo-change may be the solution ask for one made especially for tinted hair.

7. What's the straight story on hair straightening? It can be as blessed as a permanent wave and works on the same principle in reverse. But none of that do-it-yourselfism; the only way is through a good salon. There, the hair is first softened chemically and, instead of being curled, is stretched straight. Then a neutralizer is applied to fix the straightness. Like a permanent wave,

straightening is not everlasting, but has to be repeated at intervals which vary for different people. Some curly hair needs straightening only in the summer, or in a humid climate, say Pnom-Penh, because warmth and humidity make hair swell in width and shrink in length, tightening the curl. Not all parts of the head have the same amount of curliness and patch straightening can be enough. The full-treatment costs about the same as a permanent wave.

8. What camouflage is there for a sallow complexion? The simplest now, in the summer, and the most alluring, is a sun tan plus a make-up base that is an unmuddy colour, has some tones of apricot in it. For the sunphobes, there are pink and mauve bases, little auroral cosmetic lights for sallow skin; these, to be used with a neutral shade of powder to diffuse any over-pinkness.

9. Can the fingernails be strengthened by cosmetics? There are several kits out now that include a base coat for protection and an overcoat to strengthen fragile nails. The overcoat fits nightly over nail polish and under the nail tip. Another nail builder is a nail massage cream that vanishes into the cuticle and nail sides without destroying the manicure. And, incidentally, there is a new oil-rich nail-polish remover, Nail Nude, in a tubelike bottle; turned upside down, this exudes the non-runny, jelly-ish remover.

10. Can anyone wear contact lenses? Almost anyone. Sometimes for physical reasons, more often because of psychological blocks or flabby will power or sheer laziness, women find them more trouble than thrill. The essential first step is to see an ophthalmologist. One we talked to believes that the easiest time to learn to wear them is between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. The learning period can take anywhere from four to six weeks depending on the method of teaching. Learn is the password. That's why wearing-motivation is totally necessary.

11. How can I get the most out of my cosmetics? First, by using them, and not as bath-shelf ornaments. Secondly, by realizing that mature skin can build up an immunity, as it were, to a treatment cosmetic. A good plan is to alternate, say a liquid cleansing cream with a facial bath—a cleanser re-

moved with water—once or twice a week. This prepares the skin for a night emollient cream, which might be varied with one developed to complement it in the same cosmetic line—brand switching is not the point.

12. How can the upper arms be conditioned for the sleeveless rage? They are one of the most amenable to exercise of any of the body parts. Try spreading the arms straight out like wings, with the palms open upward. Clench the fists lightly, then tighten more and more while turning the fists downward and backward as far as possible. Keep the arms straight. Twenty times a day should show some results in about six weeks. 13. Foot beauty—how do you get it in this season of sandals? From a pedicure—than which there is no more sybaritic and warranted an indulgence. Toenails shaped by an expert can do as much for a foot as a coif for a face. The heels and other hard skin areas are pumiced smooth. Note: For an athome treatment there are pleasant cooling lotions that smooth and soften callous skin.

14. What can be done about varicose veins, also those spider webs of blue leg veins? Varicose veins are solved by simple surgery or by local injections of a sclerosing agent. Both safely eliminate the ugly bulges but may leave a slight dark stain, easily disguisable with the new waterproof cream foundations that come in sun-tan colours. The same camouflage holds for the blue spider webs. There is, too, for these, electric x-ing out, possible at salons that specialize in electrical skin care. 15. Is there any help for crow'sfeet around the eyes? On a twentyfour-hour-a-day basis there definitely is—in creams, lotions, and oils. For the non-sleeping hours these cosmetics go on under make-up to keep the skin moist. Night takes a richer, heavier treatment. Like the anti-wrinkle face preparations, the eye cosmetics are preventive—for young skins, as well as corrective—for mature skins. Their application takes butterfly-wing tapping with the tips of the fingers, never pulling or stretching. Any massaging of this area should be left to a professional, as part of a monthly salon facial.

16. Just what can exercise do for the hips, stomach, and legs? Take inches off, when properly done, sometimes in six weeks, more usually in two months, or for extreme cases, longer. The first tactic to take is salon instruction,

if only one lesson, to learn the correct exercises and their execution, which prevents time loss caused by doing the exercises incorrectly. After one lesson you can continue at home or—preferably—go on with the salon's course—which has the advantage of subjecting you to checks by an objective eye.

17. What can be massaged away? "Nothing" is the flat, unequivocal answer of one of New York's most reliable beauty authorities. Massage, she explained, has two great values; it improves circulation and relaxes tension. When the blood is circulating properly it helps to dispel fatty tissues. These effects, along with exercise, are obviously invaluable to keeping or recovering a good figure.

18. Is there any way to "open up" eyes allergic to eye make-up? Yes, but consider first what one dermatologist believes: the site of an allergy is frequently misleading. It may not be eye make-up but nail polish or something else causing the trouble. If your dermatologist finds your allergy is actually due to eye make-up, there are medically tested hypo-allergenic mascara, eye shadow, and a creamy, easy to apply pencil liner. Ar-ex now has a superb spread of new colours.

19. Is it true that the bosom can not be expanded? Exercise, although the results are frequently slower than on other parts of the body, has sometimes proved successful in this area. One famous exercise director designed a series of exercises aimed to develop what he calls the "brassière of muscles," in other words, the pectoral muscles in which the mammary gland is embedded. An all-over exercise program which includes the muscles involved in good posture can do something in the way of giving the bosom a natural lift. There is also a more drastic means of increasing the bosomplastic surgery. (See Vogue, October 15, 1959.)

20. What's news in diets? The liquid diets are news makers this summer, especially those based on such complete food products as Metrecal. They are seasonally right and take a bare minimum of effort to prepare, in addition to having part-time diet advantages. For more information on liquidation of weight see page 86; for any-season news see the June issue of Vogue in which How to Diet If You Have No Character at All appeared. Note: Severe weight problems, as we've remarked before, should be taken to a doctor.

WHERE CAN I FIND IT?

(Continued from page 88)

though, your evening-coat life is everything it should be, and what's occupying your thoughts at the moment is where to find a really smashing little dinner dress to wear under it. Look then at Saks Fifth Avenue: a grainy silk sleeveless sheath by Richard Cole is one to be found there. The bodice has a simple uncollared neckline, but the back is cut out in a strange and alluring manner. Black, green and pale-gold are the delicious flavours it comes in, and \$50 is the price. ... If you find yourself mysteriously drawn to the pale-gold, we suggest for it a three-strand necklace of graduated, vivid yellow beads. Richelieu makes it—and in many other colours besides yellow; \$6 plus tax buys it; and Altman's has. it.... On the assumption that short white cotton gloves are something no one can ever have quite enough of, we'd like to tell you about some that are made by Viola Weinberger, which are possibly the shortest short white gloves to date. What makes them so is a V-dip on the wristbone. They're elasticized on the pulse side, and Bergdorf Goodman is where you'll find them, at \$5 the pair. . . . Speaking of gloves brings us to a really glove-y little shoe that Henri Bendel has in either golden kid or a textured black leather called saffion, with a slender, medium heel. As if it weren't already as light as air, there are two long cutouts along the sides, and a triangular-shaped cutout on the vamp. \$50 a pair, these are. . . . This is the summer for the hat that's nothing but a cage of veiling-pretty and feminine, and just hatty enough to make the point that you're wearing something. Lord & Taylor has some charming versions—several with bows of veiling across the top. These come at a variety of prices, and in a variety of colours, including, of course, black and white.... This is also a great year for bareness-halter-necklines, backless dresses, and so forth. Possibly you own something in the genre this

minute. But do you know the proper underpinnings? We do-the brassières on page 104 should clear up any problems you may have encountered in this area. . . . Also, this summer there's been a great deal of talk about the appeal of long cotton skirts for country evenings, and at-home city ones. Even if you've missed the talk, there's no need to miss the fun. Apart from the three shown elsewhere in this issue, Tudor Square has done a particularly appetizing variation on this theme in a multicoloured flower print that's currently enlivening things at Lord & Taylor. The top, which is sleeveless and shirty, is \$17; the skirt is floor-length, fullish, and costs \$30. ... Off the terraces and onto the tennis courts: We have in mind a brief white tennis dress with a scoop neck and pleats. And what endears it to us-apart from its looks—is that it's made of Arneland-nylon jersey. Not only does it not wrinkle, but it can skip pressing entirely and dries, after washing, with impressive speed. This is Sacony's brain child, and it's at Saks Fifth Avenue, for \$19.... The first wrinkle-test you put this dress to might well be a wicker suitcase that Anne Davis has in stock right now. It's not unlike those hampers that wines are packed in, but notably more substantial, having, as it does, standard locks and keys, handles, and a fitted lid; \$20 is the tab, and the proportions are ideally weekend-in-the-country. . . . On a much smaller scale—ten by eightand-a-half inches, to be precise there is an altogether winning MM handbag at Lord & Taylor, which is made in that satiny straw that looks equally nice day or evening, and which is suspended from metal chains. For its size (and frankly, we find the idea of a smallish handbag in summer rather a relief), the space is considerable—two concealed side pockets and a fairly roomy interior; \$19 plus tax for this, in black, beige, or white.

ERRATUM

In the May issue, Vogue published a photograph of Buck-minster Fuller with one of his geodesic domes, this one built for the American Society for Metals at Novelty, Ohio. Under that great dome stands the Society's building (not shown) for which John Terence Kelly was the architect. Vogue regrets that Mr. Kelly's part in the complete conception was not mentioned in the May feature.



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"THE HOTTEST PIECE OF REAL ESTATE"

(Continued from page 55)

feared, and for the first time he felt his confidence return. Though his mechanical arms had been designed for light precision work, very little pull was needed to set the capsule moving in this weightless environment. The gravity of Icarus was ten thousand times weaker than Earth's: Sherrard and his space-pod weighed less than an ounce here, and once he had set himself in motion he floated forward with an effortless, dreamlike ease.

Yet that very effortlessness had its dangers. He had travelled several hundred yards, and was rapidly overhauling the sinking star of the "Prometheus," when overconfidence betrayed him. (Strange how quickly the mind could switch from one extreme to the other; a few minutes ago he had been steeling himself to face death—now he was wondering if he would be late for dinner.) Perhaps the novelty of the movement, so unlike anything he had ever attempted before, was responsible for the catastrophe; or perhaps he was still suffering from the aftereffects of the crash.

Like all astronauts. Sherrard had learned to orientate himself in space, and had grown accustomed to living and working when the Earthly conceptions of Up and Down were meaningless. On a world such as Icarus, it was necessary to pretend that there was a real, honest-to-goodness planet "beneath" your feet, and that when you moved you were travelling over a horizontal plain. If this innocent self-deception failed, you were heading for spacevertigo.

The attack came without warning, as it usually did. Quite suddenly, Icarus no longer seemed to be beneath him, the stars no longer above. The universe tilted through a right angle; he was moving straight up a vertical cliff, like a mountaineer scaling a rockface, and though Sherrard's reason told him that this was pure illusion, all his senses screamed that it was true. In a moment gravity must drag him off this sheer wall, and he would drop down mile upon endless mile until he smashed into oblivion.

Worse was to come; the false vertical was still swinging like a compass needle that had lost the pole. Now he was on the underside of an immense rocky

roof, like a fly clinging to a ceiling; in another moment it would have become a wall again—but this time he would be moving straight down it, instead of up.

He had lost all control over the pod, and the clammy sweat that had begun to dew his brow warned him that he would soon lose control over his body. There was only one thing to do; he clenched his eyes tightly shut, squeezed as far back as possible into the tiny closed world of the capsule, and pretended with all his might that the universe outside did not exist. He did not even allow the slow, gentle crunch of his second crash to interfere with his self-hypnosis.

When he again dared to look outside. he found that the pod had come to rest against a large boulder. Its mechanical arms had broken the force of the impact, but at a cost that was more than he could afford to pay. Though the capsule was virtually weightless here, it still possessed its normal five hundred pounds of inertia, and it had been moving at perhaps four miles an hour. The momentum had been too much for the metal arms to absorb; one had snapped, and the other was hopelessly bent.

When he saw what had happened, Sherrard's first reaction was not despair, but anger. He had been so certain of success, when the pod had started its glide across the barren face of Icarus. And now this, all through a moment of physical weakness. But Space made no allowance for human frailties or emotions, and a man who did not accept that fact had no right to be here.

At least he had gained precious time in his pursuit of the ship; he had put an extra ten minutes, if not more, between himself and dawn. Whether that ten minutes would merely prolong the agony, or whether it would give his shipmates the extra time they needed to find him, he would soon know.

Where were they? Surely they had started the search by now. He strained his eyes towards the brilliant star of the ship, hoping to pick out the fainter lights of space-pods moving towards him—but nothing else was visible against the slowly turning vault of heaven.

He had better look to his

own resources, slender though they were. Only a few minutes were left before the "Prometheus" and her trailing lights sank below the edge of the asteroid and left him in darkness. It was true that the darkness would be all too brief, but before it fell upon him he might find some shelter against the coming day. This rock into which he had crashed, for example.

Yes, it would give some shade, until the sun was halfway up the sky. Nothing could protect him if it passed right overhead, but it was just possible that he might be in a latitude where the sun never rose far above the horizon at this season of Icarus' four-hundred-and-nine-day year. Then he might survive the brief period of daylight; that was his only hope, if the rescuers did not find him before dawn.

There went "Prometheus" and her lights, below the edge of the world. With her going, the now-unchallenged stars blazed forth with redoubled brilliance. More glorious than any of them—so lovely that even to look upon it almost brought tears to his eyes—was the blazing beacon of Earth, with its companion moon beside it. He had been born on one, and had walked on the other; would he see either again?

Strange that until now he had given no thought to his wife and children, and to all that he loved in the life that now seemed so far away. He felt a spasm of guilt, but it passed swiftly. The ties of affection were not weakened, even across the hundred million miles of space that now sundered him from his family. At this moment, they were simply irrelevant. He was now a primitive, self-centred animal fighting for his life, and his only weapon was his brain. In this conflict, there was no place for the heart; it would merely be a hindrance, spoiling his judgment and weakening his resolution.

And then he saw something that banished all thoughts of his distant home. Reaching up above the horizon behind him, spreading across the stars like a milky mist, was a faint and ghostly cone of phosphorescence. It was the herald of the sun—the beautiful, pearly phantom of the corona, visible on Earth only during the rare moments of a total eclipse. When the corona was rising, the sun would

not be far behind, to smite this little land with fury.

Sherrard made good use of the warning. Now he could judge, with some accuracy, the exact point where the sun would rise. Crawling slowly and clumsily on the broken stumps of his metal arms, he dragged the capsule round to the side of the boulder that should give the greatest shade. He had barely reached it when the sun was upon him like a beast of prey, and his tiny world exploded into light.

He raised the dark filters inside his helmet, one thickness after another, until he could endure the glare. Except where the broad shadow of the boulder lay across the asteroid, it was like looking into a furnace. Every detail of the desolate land around him was revealed by that merciless light; there were no greys, only blinding whites and impenetrable blacks. All the shadowed cracks and hollows were pools of ink, while the higher ground already seemed to be on fire. Yet it was only a minute after dawn.

Now Sherrard could understand how the scorching heat of a billion summers had turned Icarus into a cosmic cinder, baking the rocks until the last traces of gas had bubbled out of them. Why should men travel, he asked himself bitterly, across the gulf of stars at such expense and riskmerely to land on a spinning slag heap? For the same reason, he knew, that they had once struggled to reach Everest and the Poles and the far places of the Earth-for the excitement of the body that was adventure, and the more enduring excitement of the mind that was discovery. It was an answer that gave him little consolation, now that he was about to be grilled Icarus.

Already he could feel the first breath of heat upon his face. The boulder against which he was lying gave him protection from direct sunlight, but the glare reflected back at him from those blazing rocks only a few yards away was striking through the transparent plastic of the dome. It would grow swiftly more intense as the sun rose higher; he had even less time than he had thought, and with the knowledge came a kind of numb resignation that was beyond fear. He would wait-if he could-until the sunrise engulfed him, and the capsule's cooling unit gave up the unequal struggle; then he would crack the pod and let the air gush out into the vacuum of space.

Nothing to do but to sit and think in the minutes that were left to him before his pool of shadow contracted. He did not try to direct his thoughts, but let them wander where they willed. How strange that he should be dying now, because back in the 1940's—years before he was born—a man at Palomar had spotted a streak of light on a photographic plate, and had named it so appropriately after the boy who flew too near the sun.

One day, he supposed, they would build a monument here for him on this blistered plain. What would they inscribe upon it? "Here died Colin Sherrard, astronics engineer, in the cause of science." That would be funny, for he had never understood half the things that the scientists were trying to do.

Yet some of the excitement of their discoveries had communicated itself to him. He remembered how the geologists had scraped away the charred skin of the asteroid, and had polished the metallic surface that lay beneath. It had been covered with a curious pattern of lines and scratches. They wrote the history of Icarus, though only a geologist could read it. They revealed, so Sherrard had been told, that this lump of iron and rock had not always floated alone in space. At some remote time in the past, it had been under enormous pressure-and that could mean only one thing. Billions of years ago it had been part of a much larger body, perhaps a planet like Earth. For some reason that planet had blown up, and Icarus and all the thousands of other asteroids were the fragments of that cosmic explosion.

Icarus.

Already he could feel the first breath of heat upon his face.

The boulder against which he was lying gave him protection from direct sunlight, but the glare reflected back at him from those blazing rocks only a few yards away was striking through the spit of incandescent line of sunlight came closer, this was a thought that stirred his mind. What Sherrard was lying upon was the core of a world—perhaps a world that had once known life. In a strange, irrational way it comforted him to know that his might not be the only ghost to haunt Icarus until the end of time.

The helmet was misting up; that could only mean that the cooling unit was about to fail. It had done its work well; even now, though the rocks only a few yards away must be glowing a sullen red, the heat inside the capsule was not unendurable. When failure came, it would be sudden and catastrophic.

He reached for the red lever that would rob the sun of its prey—but before he pulled it, he would look for the last time upon Earth. Cautiously, he lowered the dark filters, adjusting them so that they still cut out the glare from the rocks, but no longer blocked his view of space.

The stars were faint now, dimmed by the advancing glow of the corona. And just visible over the boulder whose shield would soon fail him was a stub of crimson flame, a crooked finger of fire jutting from the edge of the sun itself. He had only seconds left.

There was the Earth, there was the Moon. Good-bye to them both, and to his friends and loved ones on each of them. While he was looking at the sky, the sunlight had begun to lick the base of the capsule, and he felt the first touch of fire. In a reflex as automatic as it was useless, he drew up his legs, trying to escape the advancing wave of heat.

What was that? A brilliant flash of light, infinitely brighter than any of the stars, had suddenly exploded overhead. Miles above him, a huge mirror was sailing across the sky, reflecting the sunlight as it slowly turned through space. Such a thing was utterly impossible; he was beginning to suffer from hallucinations, and it was time he took his leave. Already the sweat was pouring from his body, and in a few seconds the capsule would be a furnace.

He waited no longer, but pulled on the emergency release with all his waning strength, bracing himself at the same moment to face the end.

Nothing happened; the lever would not move. He tugged it again and again before he realized that it was hopelessly jammed. There was no easy way out for him, no merciful death as the air gushed from his lungs. It was then, as the true terror of his situation struck home to him, that his nerve finally broke and he began to scream like a trapped animal.

When he heard Captain McClellan's voice speaking to him, thin but clear, he knew that it must be another hallucination. Yet some last remnant of discipline and self-control checked his screaming; he clenched his teeth and listened to that familiar, commanding voice.

"Sherrard! Hold on, man. We've got a fix on you—but keep shouting."

"Here I am," he cried, "but hurry, for God's sake. I'm burning."

Deep down in what was left (Continued on page 128)

Lilly Daché says:

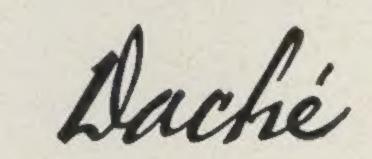
"Stop matching your powder to your foundation"!

Shocking? Yes! But let me tell you why I say this. When you choose a foundation you choose one especially color-blended for your individual skin tone. When you cover it with matching powder, you muddy that color, giving your skin a packed-down, layer-on-layer look that is *not* your prettiest look!

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"THE HOTTEST PIECE OF REAL ESTATE"

(Continued from page 127)

of his rational mind he realized what had happened. Some feeble ghost of a signal was leaking through the broken stubs of his antennae, and the searchers had heard his screams—as he was hearing their voices. That meant they must be very close indeed, and the knowledge gave him sudden strength.

He stared through the streaming plastic of the dome, looking once more for that impossible mirror in the sky. There it was again—and now he realized that the baffling perspectives of space had tricked his senses. The mirror was not miles away, nor was it huge. It was almost on top of him, and it was moving fast.

He was still shouting when it slid across the face of the rising sun, and its blessed shadow fell upon him like a cool wind that had blown out of the heart of winter, over leagues of snow and ice. Now that it was so close he recognized it at once; it was merely a large metal-foil radiation screen, no doubt hastily snatched from one of the instrument sites. In the safety of its shadow, his friends had been searching for him.

A heavy-duty, two-man capsule was hovering overhead, holding the glittering shield in one set of arms and reaching for him with the other. Even through the misty dome and the haze of heat that still sapped his senses, he recognized Captain McClellan's anxious face, looking down at him from the other pod.

So this was what birth was like, for truly he had been reborn. He was too exhausted for gratitude—that would come later—but as he rose from the burning rocks his eyes sought and found the bright star of Earth. "Here I am," he said silently. "I'm coming back."

Back to enjoy and cherish all the beauties of the world he had thought was lost forever. No—not all of them.

He would never enjoy summer again.

THE WRONG PERFUME

(Continued from page 102)

fully—like a beautifully run house with plenty in help. Try Fleurs de Rocaille, Arpège, or Chanel No. 5.

The quite young girl who's been type-cast as "flower fragrance." Rec'd with pleasure: something that suggests a polished dance floor, a hot jazz band, and a long, long stag line. Any of these might do the job: L'Interdit, White Shoulders, Femme.

The woman of Mrs. Exeter's age (or Mrs. Exeter herself)—who looks and dresses in a conventional older-woman sort of way, but just possibly may not think along those lines. Indicated: a clear, modern perfume with lots of movement—alive and kicking. Examples: Plaisir; Crêpe de Chine; Vert et Blanc.

The rather formidable woman whose manner makes new acquaintances get all twisted up in their thoughts. Your object: a perfume that's not too obviously ingratiating, but a rounded, openarmed, pleasant perfume. Pleasant is a wonderful way to smell, and it's wonderfully easy with either of these: Bond Street, Bois des Îles.

The woman who has a full week of energy in her little finger. One of those perfumes that smell like a still pool rippled by an occasional breeze from a flowering orchard, strikes us as just the ticket. Quiet, but not fainthearted. Some cases in point: Quadrille; Miss Dior; Fille d'Ève.

The girl no one can quite describe. Some not too painstaking research should turn up a perfume that's neither a modern blend nor a scent woven from leaves or flowers, but one with a fruit base, profoundly delicious, rather dark and racy. Its definiteness may one day make her describable. It might be: Magie, Intoxication, Fame, Bon Voyage.

Someone rich. Just the thing: an outgoing, friendly perfume. Tweed, Tapestry, and Ecusson all answer the description.

Someone poor. There are perfumes that smell like terribly expensive people arriving at a party. These, for instance: Carnet de Bal; Joy.





Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

That fresher-than-springtime look. She has it all the year round! It's in her sunny smile, in the bright sheen of her hair, its rich, sparkling color. This youthful sunny outlook includes a knowledge of herself, too. She says it's easier to feel young when you know you look young. Miss Clairol is radiant, young color that keeps her hair in beautiful condition, glowing with life. And she loves it!

And that's the way hairdressers all over the world feel about Miss Clairol. They recommend it, use it every time because its automatic color timing is most dependable. And because it really covers gray. But best of all they like the way it silkens hair, keeps it lovely, lively, completely naturallooking. So try Miss Clairol yourself. Today. Takes only minutes. Creme Formula or Regular.





